

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1849.

## THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.

The celebrated reservoirs of water, represented in the accompanying plate, have been visited and admired, by nearly all travelers in the Holy Land. They lie about three hours' travel from Jerusalem, and one from Bethlehem, and are furnished by a neighboring fountain, which is supposed to have been the head of an aqueduct, that supplied Jerusalem, or the palace of its kings, with water. The pools are thus described by Dr. Durbin:

"Nearly five hours out from Hebron, we came to three pools, in all respects similar to the great pool in Hebron, except that they are, perhaps, three times as large and deep. They lie on the right of the road, in a gently declining valley, one above another, with perhaps two hundred feet intervening between them. At a little distance to the left of the road, is a fountain, concealed by very ancient subterranean arches, from whence an aqueduct leads along the north sides of the pools, and, being tapped to supply them with water, extends by Bethlehem to Jerusalem, winding around the sides of the hills and heads of the valleys, so as to preserve its level, until it sweeps round the southern declivity of Mount Zion, and enters the Holy City. It is said that it might be easily repaired and made available for a supply of water. Of the antiquity of these pools, no one can doubt. The style of their masonry, and the employment of earthenware cylinders in the construction of the aqueduct, may well support the opinion that they are the 'Pools of Solomon.' His 'houses, vineyards, gardens, orchards, and trees of all kinds of fruit,' have long since disappeared; the dance and the song, with which they resounded, have ceased, and silence reigns in their stead, broken only by the passing traveler."

Dr. Olin gives a more definite idea of these pools, in the second volume of his Travels. We have space for only the following extract:

"A little farther on, and one hour from Bethlehem, are the Pools of Solomon. They consist of three vast, quadrangular basins, which occupy a hillside sloping eastward, and so arranged that the water, which passes from the upper or western basin, is received by the second, from which it passes into the third. I was unable to measure

them, but they are stated to be, respectively, three hundred and eighty, six hundred, and six hundred and sixty feet in length, by a variable breadth of about two hundred and seventy feet. They are walled with square stones, and lined with a coat of cement, the whole having the appearance of great antiquity. The bottom is formed of the natural rock, which slopes to the east.

"The principal fountain, from which these pools are supplied, is distant from the upper reservoir some thirty or forty rods. It was closed with stones, but I have since learned, from a gentleman who has carefully explored the interior, that the entrance leads, by a considerable descent, into two vaulted rooms, formed of several stone arches, with one of brick. The water of four springs, or sources, is collected here, and conducted into another subterranean reservoir, near the pool. From this the largest portion of the water passes into an aqueduct, the channel of which is formed of earthen pipes, secured in a line of substantial and well-cemented masonry, which winds along the sides of the mountains, in order to maintain the proper level, until it reaches Jerusalem. This is a stupendous work, considering the age in which it was probably achieved, and is, perhaps, the oldest aqueduct in existence. It gives us a high idea of the state of the arts among the Jews at that early day, and exhibits the character and policy of the greatest and wisest of their kings in a very favorable light. The pools are not necessary appendages of the aqueducts, and are thought to have been connected with pleasure-grounds—perhaps a country palace which Solomon built in this valley. 'I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards; I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.'"

Dr. Robinson gives the measurement of these pools. The largest is nearly six hundred feet in length, over two hundred broad, in its widest place, and fifty feet deep. We have no room for speculations. One thing is certain. Before the discoveries in Central America, and in Peru, such works would have given us a higher idea of Jewish civilization than they can now.

## MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

ARE you weary, gentle reader, in following me in my rambling excursions, by lake and by river, by railroad and on foot? Do you tire of my relation of personal incident, and of my free expression of thought and emotion? Well, if you do, there is no help for it, but to pass by to another article. I suppose I could give you a treatise on conic sections, or an analysis of some problem in Calculus, or a criticism on some disputed point in ethics or theology; but it is not my way. At least, I am not inclined to lumber up the pages of the Repository with heavy articles. I am content if I may, in the Repository, hold communion with childhood and with youth. And let me tell you, my dear child, and my youthful friend, I *love* you. Perhaps we never met, and we never may meet. But no matter for that. There is a communion of soul enjoyed by congenial spirits, who may have never seen each other's face. We already know each other. Let me then still talk on, in my discursive way, of incidents and of sentiments. Indeed, about all the talking I do is with you. The world calls me unsocial:

"Hour after hour I wander,  
By men unseen;  
And fondly my sad thoughts ponder  
On what hath been."

We will, then, jog along our journey, not doubting but we shall find something to instruct or amuse.

WASHINGTON CITY.

The traveler, as he catches the first view of Washington, is impressed with emotions of the sublime. As he whirls along on the Baltimore railroad, the dome of the Capitol, with the stars and stripes floating from its summit, first attracts his attention. From the railroad depot he steps into Pennsylvania avenue, one of the grandest streets on the globe. At one end of this magnificent street stands the Capitol, with its tasteful grounds, and at the other, the President's mansion. From the Capitol the view is grand. The Potomac is seen for many a mile winding its silvery way through a fine region, diversified by hill and dale, forest and field, city and country. The first time I visited the city, some years ago, as soon as I had quartered in their temporary home the ladies of my company—for, fair reader, I generally have the good luck of having ladies for my traveling companions—I sallied forth, as is my custom, for a ramble over the city. I proceeded to the broad stone platform at the entrance of the Capitol, and stood for a long time admiring the beauties of the scene. It was at that lovely season of the year, the first of May. I was unused to a clime so far south. I had just left the yet snowy hills of Maine. The Kennebec, as we came down in the boat, was hardly clear of ice. Snow lay all along the shore. Not a green leaf was to be seen in all the woods,

nor hardly a blade of grass in the fields. As to flowers, no one thought of finding them yet.

I was hurried along by steam over the rocky coast of Massachusetts, where snow still lingered, and over the sandy plains of New Jersey, where some signs of foliage appeared, and now stood for the first time in view of the Potomac. The grounds about the Capitol were in all their May-day glory. Trees in full leaf, and flowers in full bloom, seemed new and strange to me, having so lately crawled out from winter quarters under a huge snow-drift. While I was standing there in wonder and delight, a thunder cloud overspread the heavens, and the blackness, the vivid lightnings, and the rolling thunders, produced a scene of rare sublimity. I lingered about the place, till night and approaching rain awoke me from my dreamy reverie. Since that evening things have changed with me. Green leaves, full-blown flowers, and sublime thunder-showers are no longer rarities in May, and they often visit us in April. I never, however, shall forget the feelings that came over me on that evening. I have stood in the same place since; but the scene has never again seemed such as then. Alas! it often happens thus. Scenes of beauty burst once on the eye, then fade away, and never again appear. Sounds of melody once charm the soul, then die away, and the echo is heard no more. There are joys which are tasted but once, and never return. We remember the scenes of the past, but cannot recall them. O, I remember well the bright sunshine of life's spring morning; the fair flowers that grew in the dell by childhood's home; the cheerful band of woodland songsters, and the merry voices of loved ones long since hushed and silent. Shines the sun as brightly now? Are the flowers as beautiful, the bird music as cheerful, and the voices of affection as merry? Or is the change in me?

A few days will be found sufficient to see and hear enough of Washington. In the chamber of the house of representatives you can see, but not hear. At least you cannot understand. The room was constructed to answer any other purpose better than hearing. When a member gets up to speak, he screams. The senate chamber is not so bad. You can hear tolerably well. The senators, not being obliged to scream, speak in a natural and easy manner. The finest specimen of a speech I ever had the pleasure of hearing was made the last time I was in the senate chamber, by John A. Dix, of New York. The argument was clear, the reasoning conclusive, the style classical and finished, and the elocution easy, natural, and effective. I was lucky enough to hear Calhoun, Webster, Benton, Clayton, Reverdy Johnson, Mangum, and Berrien, and, on a former occasion, Clay and Preston. As a general thing, fair reader, you would be disappointed on hearing famous men. They will not interest you as you expect. Great men appear much greater in the newspapers than they really are. Personal acquaintance with public

men, whom you now regard, from newspaper account, as prodigies of great men, would reduce them in your good opinion to the level of your own good father, as he jogs along after the plough, or your brother; and if you ever have a husband, you will think him incomparably ahead of all the representatives and senators of the nation. The greatness of most public men is merely imaginary. Circumstances and partial friends have given them all the consequence they have. There are some men, however, really great. You feel, when in their company, even if they do not speak a word, the consciousness of the presence of superior intellect. Such a man I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time last summer. It was the Rev. Dr. O., President of an eastern university. I had heard occasionally of him, but had never seen him. You can but feel in his presence the influence of his commanding mind. He is a truly great, a very great man, much greater than some others who are much more famous than he.

HARPER'S FERRY.

As we approached this place, so famous from the description of Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia, I was expecting to be deeply impressed with the wonderful scenery he describes—scenery, which he pronounces worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. But I was disappointed. The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge at this point is far inferior in sublimity to that of the Saco through the White Mountains, and is scarcely equal to that of the Juniata through the spurs of the Alleghanies, or that of the Mohawk through the hills at Little Falls. It surely cannot vie with the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands at West Point. It may be that the place has lost much of its sublimity of scenery since Mr. Jefferson described it. At the time he wrote, the place was as God made it. Man has since spoiled it by what he pleases to call improvements. A straggling village is here; and the moment the cars stop your ears are stunned with the ding-dong of rival dinner bells, and the boisterous braying of runners, black and yellow, calling out *dinner* at the top of their voices. It is a pity that man should spoil by his money-making machinery the beautiful and sublime works of God. Why, a fellow has built a wooden bucket factory right along side of Niagara! Just think of that! He ought to be tried for sacrilege.

A FUNERAL

We arrived at Cumberland toward evening. Desirous of crossing the Alleghanies by daylight, we made arrangements to pass the night at Cumberland. I had returned to the hotel from a ramble over the village, and was sitting by my window, looking out upon the romantic hills that surround this village, when I saw passing a funeral procession, which, from its peculiarity, deeply touched my heart. At the head of the procession walked the minister of God, with the sacred book in hand. Next to him followed four young and beautiful

girls, dressed in pure white robes, with long white veils spread over their heads, and suspended over their faces. They bore on a bier a little child, over whose coffin was spread a white pall. After the bier followed the father and mother of the child, and the procession was closed by a small company of neighbors. I arose and joined the procession; for I never shun a funeral, though it revive in my own heart recollections which I would gladly let sleep. We wound around the crowded streets of the busy village, and entered a neglected graveyard, near an old church. I stood by while the coffin was lowered, and the grave filled. No service was performed at the burial, except a brief prayer; but my thoughts were busy and my heart full. The parents appeared plain, simple-hearted people, apparently poor. This child might be their only one—their sole earthly treasure. They uttered not a word, but they looked the picture of grief and sadness. How many hopes had perished with that child! What bright visions had vanished! When the little mound was heaped up over the lost one, the company, without ceremony, dispersed. But the parents stood, looking with intense agony at the grave. I stepped up to them, took each by the hand, and was about to speak a word of consolation; but my heart forbade my lips uttering a word. We all three wept together for a moment, then silently shook hands in sympathy, and separated never to meet again. They left the grave-yard by a retired street. I stood looking after them, and saw them enter a small but neat cottage, in full view of the very spot where they had laid their child to sleep. How desolate to their hearts was now their home! Cheerful might blaze the fire on the social hearth, fair might bloom the flowers in the door-yard, green might wave the trees over their cottage, lovely might the fertile valley spread out before them, and beautiful might the blue hills loom up around their home; but the light of the bright eyes of their only one was quenched for ever. A fairer flower than blooms in earth's gardens was withered and faded. A sunny brow was enshrouded in the deep darkness of the grave. Ringlets of fair hair were twined about a head that lay low in the ground. Lips that once smiled were closed for ever, and a voice of sweetness and melody was silent. O, who can gauge the deep agony of bereavement, that distends the heart of the childless one! Mock not with words the spirit of the mother, who has buried her only one. All the streams of human affection will seem to converge and centre about the lost one. The whole house, and all the grounds about it, become a mirror, in which she sees only the image of her child. The empty cradle, the vacant bed, the silent room, are painful to behold. She listens again for the voice of her child. She expects to hear the light footfall on the floor. But all is silent. She throws up her window, and looks out on the grass plot, and about the garden walks; but all is deserted. She opens the little chest that

contains the apparel and the playthings now unworn and unused. Here is the little dress that never again will cover that lovely form. Here are the shoes that no more will protect those little feet. Here is the toy that those delicate fingers will handle no more.

"Take them away. I cannot look  
On aught that breathes of him—  
O take away this little cup;  
His lips have touched its brim—  
Take the straw hat from off the wall,  
'Tis wreathed with withered flowers;  
The rustling leaves do whisper me  
Of all the loved, best hours.  
The rattle, with its music bells,  
O, do not let them sound;  
The dimpled hand that grasped them once  
Is cold beneath the ground;  
And turn that picture to the wall;  
His loving, mournful eye  
Is piercing through my very heart—  
Again I see him die."

Slowly and sadly wears the day away. Wearied with watching and with weeping, the mother lies down on her lonely bed. She sleeps and she dreams—she dreams of her child. She stretches her arms to encircle him, and draw him to her bosom, but he is not there. She awakes to vacancy and to tears. And then she hears the wild winds whistling about her door, and the rain pattering on the roof, and thinks of her child as exposed to the wintry wind and pitiless storm. She even imagines him waking from his long sleep—waking in the grave—and reaching forth, as he was wont in his bed, his little hands to her, saying, "Mother, are you here?"

O, chide not—chide not the bereaved one! Tantralize her not with comfortless words!

"Go, let her weep; there's bliss in tears."

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

The scenery of the Alleghany Mountains has not, on either of the routes where I have crossed, met my expectations. By the way of the Pennsylvania canal and Portage railroad, you pass for a hundred miles or more along the banks of the Juniata. I admire the scenery of this river, as well as the river itself. After you leave the canal, near the head of the Juniata, you ascend the mountains by a series of inclined planes, on which cars are placed, and drawn up by a stationary engine. You then descend by the same means to the canal on the western slope of the mountains. On the route of the Cumberland road, Cumberland lies at the eastern, and Uniontown at the western, base of the mountains. The journey over is performed by stages. As you proceed west from Cumberland, you ascend by a gentle acclivity, amidst scenery of considerable interest, for about twelve miles. Here you reach the general level of the mountains. From this summit to the top of Laurel Hill, a distance of some fifty or sixty miles, you cross several great parallel ridges or swells of land. You descend a long hill, then ascend another, then descend again, until you reach Uniontown, at the eastern extremity

of the great western plain. In crossing the mountains on this route, though you are on a great elevation above the sea, yet you seem only to be passing over a hard, cold, hilly country. It appears very much like the hill country of the northern section of Maine, among the highlands of the Kennebec and the Penobscot. The country looks coarse, cold, and savage. The farms are rocky and hard. The forests are dark and forbidding. You see no precipitous cliffs, nor deep ravines, such as you usually associate in your ideas of mountain scenery. The passage is now made by stage. The coaches are rickety, the horses poor, the harness old, the drivers drunken and unaccommodating, the fare at the taverns coarse and mean, and the charges unconscionable. I could not for the life of me draw any poetry out of a journey across the Alleghanies. If, fair reader, you have never seen the Alleghanies, it is hardly worth your while to go so far to see so little.

There is, however, much delightful scenery east of the great chain. Between Cumberland and Hagerstown, along the route traveled by stage before the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was extended to Cumberland, lie some of the finest mountain landscapes in the world. Along the route of the railroad, from Cumberland to Frederick, especially along the banks of the Potomac, you will see mountains of bold outline, and valleys of surpassing loveliness. I had long been looking for a beau-ideal of a place, either

"Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,"

or some sheltered valley, shut in by mountains, and secluded from human eye, where I might be content to live, away from the world, and at last, when life's sojourning is over,

"Lay down my rude staff, like one that is weary,  
And sweetly repose there for ever."

As we swept round a mountain base, I caught a glimpse of a most lovely dell, and I thought it would do; but the cars swept on, and my happy valley vanished, like all other visions of earth, and I shall probably never see it again.

There is an exceedingly beautiful country in the neighborhood of Frederick. The same general features of landscape are seen about Carlisle in Pennsylvania. The distinctive traits in the scenery are broad and beautiful valleys, gentle, undulating hills, and distant mountains. It ought to be fruitful of poets, but I know not as any poets have ever been raised there.

I have said that it is generally my luck to have ladies as fellow-travelers. They are of great advantage to us of the sterner sex, amidst the jostlings of wayfaring life. We assume toward them the air of protection, but, in fact, they protect us. In traveling by public conveyance, we owe more of comfort and convenience to them, than they do of protection to us. The last time I traveled over the route from Baltimore to Wheeling, a lady of the District of Columbia, on a visit to her sister in

Ohio, was placed by her father under my care; and to her was I indebted for much relief from the tedium and ennui of that dreary mountain ride. I seldom meet with a lady of a more accomplished mind and lovely temper. Her head was full of beautiful thoughts, her soul was a fountain of poetry, and her heart overflowing with kindness. Poor child! she had known sorrow—sorrow such as seldom falls on the heart of youth. Bereavement in its most overwhelming form had thrown its deep shadows over her heart. Yet, though the tear would often start from her eye, she maintained her buoyant cheerfulness. "Grief," said she, "shall not triumph over me." We parted at Wheeling, having been mutually profited and pleased with our acquaintance. I have never heard from her since we parted at the steamboat on the banks of the Ohio, but I shall not soon forget that interesting being, who suddenly appeared in my path, enlivened the journey of life awhile by her elegant and charming presence, and then vanished for ever. And such is the lot of human life. Bright and beautiful beings, seeming from some other sphere, light down among us, cheer us for a little time along life's pathway, then plume their wings and fly away. Whither are ye gone, lovely ones? Too spiritual for earth, ye have gone to that spirit land, where congenial souls mingle in sweet communion around the throne of the spiritual and eternal Being, who sent you among the children of earth to entice their thoughts to heaven.

My gentle reader, you have good-naturedly followed me thus far, and here we part. In a month we may meet again. And we may not. "Who knows what a day may bring forth!" And a month, what changes it may effect! Tranquil as are now our souls, what waves of desolating sorrow may flow over us before we meet again!

#### BEAUTY AND LOVE.

BY REV. D. I. SNOW, JR.

How brightly the stars at the close of the day  
Illumine the vault of the heavens above!  
And ever there comes, with each trembling ray,  
A whisper of something like beauty and love.

The many may worship the great blazing sun,  
And fear in the shadows of even to move;  
But give unto me, when his race is run,  
The reign of the stars—of beauty and love.

For what was that drapery hung o'er the skies,  
Whose folds are so richly bestudded, inwove  
With brilliants and gems that sparkle like eyes,  
If not to awake us to beauty and love?

Then list to the voice which speaks in the night  
In accents as soft as the voice of the dove,  
And seek for thy soul those garments of light,  
Which the seraphim wear—of beauty and love.

#### A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

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NUMBER II.  
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BY JONATHAN.

Arrival of Gen. Taylor—Interview with him—His appearance—His Manners—The Sabbath in Washington—Inauguration Day—The Procession—Ex-President Polk—Scenes at the Capitol.

You must remember, Mr. Editor, that I am not writing *news*, but reminiscences. The details of my articles would be obsolete as the former, but may not prove unentertaining as the latter; so, while my "hand is in," I shall proceed with them, presumptuously confident that those of your readers who have never visited Washington, will take some interest in these "off-hand" descriptions.

I brought my last paper down to the twenty-third of February, the day of the arrival of the new President. It may be literally said that tens of thousands of visitors had already reached the city, eager to witness the display of the Inauguration, though that ceremony was yet more than a week distant. The hotels had long been all crowded, and the chief street, notwithstanding its ample space, was inconveniently thronged. The weather had been drearily dark and damp for several weeks, and obstinately continued so, notwithstanding the coming pageant. Still the multitude poured forth to greet the veteran hero; and from the depot to his hotel, near the Presidential mansion, extended a dense and scarcely broken mass of men, women, and children, white, black, and yellow. Desirous that my first glimpse at him should be a tolerably fair one, I stationed myself with a friend in front of his hotel, and was pommelled about there by the crowd for at least two full hours before my curiosity was gratified. At last the guns thundered, and acclamations rolled along the avenue. The President elect had arrived at the depot. Some delay was still requisite for the ceremonies of reception there, but the veteran soldier is quite laconic in such matters. We were soon surprised at the sudden arrival of a close carriage, and a corps of scarfed marshals, before the hotel. The veritable hero was there, though the procession on foot, with banners and music, had been left nearly a mile behind.

The multitude gathered in an immovable mass about the carriage, blocking up all access to the hotel. The police screamed for order, and the Mayor, standing on the carriage steps, appealed to the sovereign people to make way for their chosen President; but the only response was a tumultuous hoora, and a still stronger onward pressure. We were borne by it quite close to the carriage, but could not see its distinguished occupant. He concealed himself in it, calmly resolved not to appear till a clear course was before him.

"Shall we force them back?" cried out a policeman.

"No," replied the Mayor coolly, as if determined to tarry there all night; "no, if they don't respect

their President enough to open the way themselves, let them stand."

The city magistrate understood human nature. "There is honor among thieves," says the old saw, and there is a certain sentiment of self-respect, or, at least, self-conceit, in the mob, which, if rightly appealed to, is more effectual than civil batons, or military weapons. Every man now insisted on good order, and a clear passage for "the old General," and in a trice the way was opened from the carriage to the hotel door. He passed through as swiftly as possible, paying no attention to the crowd, except by a slight, quick nod of the head. An unbrushed, broad-brimmed hat concealed much of his face, and a great coat most of the remainder. He would have passed for a fourth-rate farmer from the neighboring country; and it is quite probable that, had he made his appearance in the splendid saloons of Willard's, on any other occasion, and unknown, the servants would have quizzed him as an intruder, who had mistaken the place. Upon the whole, my first impression of President Taylor was much beneath my anticipations, notwithstanding the innumerable examples of his "roughness" that had been given in the newspapers. Was this really the great man who had braved and saved the terrible field of Buena Vista, and whose letters, terse, sententious, and dignified, remind you of the old Roman greatness of character? I recalled the report that his secretary composed his letters, reminded myself that the rank and file do the fighting in battles, and felt a little anxiety for the future honor of the White House, and the nation itself. I was relieved, however, in a few days, when the apartments of the President, at the hotel, were thrown open for the reception of visitors. I arrived there late, when the "calls" for the day were nearly over. Presuming on his well-known disregard of ceremony, I entered without a guide, and offered my hand without an introduction. My reception was such as set me immediately at ease. There were no courtly bows or grimaces about him, but a gracious, if not "graceful" cordiality, a fatherly smile and tone, and a ready flow of unaffected conversation, which marked him the unpretending great man. I could not but notice the resemblance between his conversational style, and that of his bulletins: the same point, terseness, and simple dignity mark both—not the affected and pompous laconism of Napoleon, but a directness and force original to himself, and befitting, in its utter simplicity, the republican spirit of his country. Some ladies occupied a sofa in the room, and employed his attention when it could be spared from new callers. He conversed with them in the most casual and easy manner imaginable, and they evidently felt themselves perfectly at home in his presence. Little children, especially, were received by him with a simplicity and heartiness that relieved at once their diffidence; and no one, we are sure, entered the apartment, that did not leave it with a delightful impression of the benignant heart

and unaffected greatness of the man. I had other occasions of seeing him, and every one added to my estimation of his unique character. In appearance he differs much from the portraits which abound in our shop windows. There is not one of them flatters him, or even does him justice. I have occasionally noticed a plaster cast, which is, I think, the most accurate of his numerous likenesses; but it fails to give the best characteristic expression of his face. He appears much older than the portraits represent him to be, and they fail entirely of that mild, kindly-paternal expression, which forms the most striking trait of his countenance.

The fourth day of March is the regular day of the Inauguration of the American Presidents; but, as it came on the Sabbath this year, the ceremony was postponed till Monday. In France the Sabbath would have been considered peculiarly auspicious for the pageant; but the national respect shown for the day, in this instance, is an example to the world worthy of our character as a Christian nation. It was to be regretted, however, that the quiet of the day was much interrupted by the arrival of military companies from Baltimore and other places. They marched through the streets with music and flying banners, much to the annoyance of the resident citizens, who generally regard the Sabbath with marked reverence.

At last the important day dawned. It was ushered in with martial music and the ringing of bells; flags floated from spire, dome, and window, and at an early hour the streets were alive with the multitude; military companies, societies, and citizens, were resorting with music and banners to their appointed places of rendezvous, and soon the whole city seemed astir. At nine o'clock, one hundred mounted marshals, with badges, scarfs, and batons, arrived at the President's quarters, and were presented to him by the Mayor. Between eleven and twelve, the procession was formed, and marched to the front of his hotel to receive him.

The procession would not be called a very imposing one in our larger cities; but the national metropolis, it must be remembered, is not an overgrown city. There were visitors enough to have swelled the cortége to an unusual magnitude and grandeur; but they had come mostly as spectators, and wished to see rather than be seen. Immense masses of these thronged the avenues for nearly a mile, from the Capitol to Willard's Hotel.

Still, the pageant was no mean sight. Eleven companies, in fine condition, formed the military escort. They were followed by soldiers of the Revolution, of the war of 1812, and of the Florida and Mexican wars. Then came the President elect in a splendid carriage, accompanied by Mr. Winthrop, Speaker of the house, and Mayor Seaton, of Washington. The carriage was drawn by four gray horses, and guarded by fifty marshals on each side. The judiciary and diplomats followed in carriages. Next came the members of Congress, members of the Philadelphia Convention that

nominated the new President, governors and ex-governors of states and territories, members of state and territorial legislatures, officers of the army and navy, corporate authorities of Washington and Georgetown, "Rough and Ready" clubs, temperance and other societies, students of colleges, and citizens.

When the procession reached the Irving House, it paused for ex-President Polk, who took his seat by the side of his successor. They heartily saluted each other, and the vast multitude, who witnessed the cordial spectacle, greeted it with nine loud huzzas. Such is the peaceful succession of "dynasties" in our happy republic!

As the procession moved on, the President elect was hailed with acclamations from the windows, the house-tops, and the dense mass beneath. He returned the congratulations of the people with an easy but warm cordiality, and seemed really to enjoy their spontaneous enthusiasm. He was well-dressed in a plain, black suit, and appeared in excellent health and spirits.

After about an hour's march, the cortége reached the Capitol. The President and his suit, with the judiciary, diplomats, and members of Congress, passed into the building, while the remainder advanced to the grounds beneath the eastern portico. The interior of the senate chamber presented an imposing scene. The gallery was crowded with the ladies of the judges and senators, and formed a brilliant *coup d'œil*.

After an impressive prayer by Rev. Mr. Slicer, the business of the hour commenced. The diplomatic corps, splendidly arrayed, entered the chamber, headed by Bodisco, the plenipotentiary from Russia, who was covered with dazzling badges. Calderon, of Spain, wore a striped band across his breast. The German minister wore a simple uniform, with rather pretending epaulets. The representatives of Mexico, Belgium, &c., were richly adorned. The whole corps formed a splendid spectacle, and occupied two rows of seats on one side of the Chairman's desk, contrasting finely with the darkly-gowned judges of the Supreme Court, who confronted them from the opposite side. Vice-President Dallas, and also a former Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson, sat in front of the Secretary's table. The new Vice-President, Mr. Fillmore, was introduced, and after taking the oath of office, delivered a brief address.

At about twelve o'clock, the ex-Cabinet entered, headed by Mr. Buchanan. After a considerable pause, the President elect made his appearance in the chamber, accompanied by Mr. Polk, and before long the whole assembly passed out on to the eastern portico, where the staging for the Inaugural ceremonies had been prepared. Meanwhile, the vast area of the Capitol grounds had been crowded by the military and citizens; and when the new President appeared on the portico, followed by the gorgeous retinue of judges, diplomats, senators, Vice-Presidents, the ex-President, and their ladies,

the welkin rung with acclamations. The easy, unaffected manners of the President elect on the platform, excited general remark. He engaged in conversation with President Polk before the ceremonies began, and pointed to the noble statue of Washington by Greenough, which stood at the opposite extremity of the grounds immediately in front of him. This sublime statue sits on an elevated pedestal, pointing with one hand to the skies, and holding forth a sword in the other, as if admonishing the nation against war, except when God can sanction it.

After a short pause, the new President arose amidst the shouts of the assembly, and read his Inaugural Address with a firm and distinct tone. It was brief—the briefest, save one, yet delivered by an American President—but comprehensive, and precisely in the style of his former documents. At its close, Chief Justice Taney took him by the hand, and administered to him the oath of office, reading it from a small volume. The conclusion of this ceremony was the signal for a universal shout from the multitude, which blended with the thunder of artillery, till the neighboring hills reverberated with the echo. President Polk saluted his successor with much courtesy, and the distinguished occupants of the platform gathered around him with their congratulations, after which he stepped forward to the verge of the rostrum, and waved his hat to the multitude amidst their enthusiastic plaudits.

The procession was re-formed, and escorted him with music, banners, and shouts, to the Presidential mansion. Thus ended the Inauguration of 1849—the installation, with republican simplicity, but sublime enthusiasm, into the highest sovereignty among the nations, of a citizen who had risen from the humble ranks of the people, and wrought his way by his own energy to the height of distinction.

I had not cast my vote for Gen. Taylor, and was not politically partial to him; but as I retired from the exciting scenes of the day, I could not but exclaim, "God bless the old man, and enable him to guide well the gallant bark of our national destiny!" Now that so much of the common weal of ourselves and our children is in his hands, God bless him; for in the blessing or curse that rests upon him must we and ours share!

#### INDUSTRY.

Who's born for sloth? To some we find  
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd;  
Some at the sounding anvil glow;  
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;  
Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
From pole to pole our commerce guide;  
While some, of genius more refin'd,  
With head and tongue assist mankind.  
In every rank, or great or small,  
'Tis Industry supports us all.

GAY.

## A VISION.

—  
BY M. A. P.

I crossed Atlantic's billowy flood,  
And in a grove of palm trees stood,  
Upon a burning strand,  
Where the rich odors wafted by,  
And the deep azure of the sky  
Told of a foreign land.

In the cool fragrance of that shade  
A lone and mossy grave was made;  
And at its head there stood  
An angel form, with pinions bright,  
Which equally by day and night  
With heavenly radiance glowed.

"Whom guard'st thou there?" I softly said,  
While on that low, turf-covered bed  
Inquiringly I gazed;  
Thus the bright angel made reply,  
While upward toward the beaming sky  
One glittering wing was raised:

"Would that the earth," he answered, weeping,  
"Knew where her mightiest ones were sleeping—  
Alas, it is not so!  
Men kneel before a monarch's bier—  
A conq'ror's tomb they proudly rear—  
Their place of burial know.

But these, their brightest and their best,  
They care not where their ashes rest;  
Neglected and unknown,  
The muse of History heeds them not,  
And Poesy seeks not the spot  
Where they are sleeping lone.

But, O, their deeds are known above!  
Their mighty works of faith and love  
Are registered on high;  
And angels, who the record read,  
Could wish in the same path to tread—  
In the same way to die.

The bright-winged seraphs from the throne,  
With sacred pleasure, hasten down,  
Commissioned, by their Lord,  
To take their station where *such* lie  
As nobly for their Master die,  
And form a flaming guard.

Thou askest, Who is sleeping here?  
A being of this nether sphere;  
To me—to me 'tis given  
To guard the poor, unconscious dust,  
Till, with the object of my trust,  
I am recalled to heaven.

Within him deep a passion glowed  
To linger at Castalia's flood,  
Or tread the halls of lore—  
A panting, high desire for fame,  
The *wish* to immortalize his name—  
The last that youth gives o'er.

Content with want and woe to meet,  
He gave up *all* at Jesus' feet,  
And whispered, '*Here am I!*'  
Send whom thou wilt, but only send'—  
'Lo, I am with thee to the end,'  
The Savior made reply.

His eye was fixed upon this shore—  
His heart with Pity's flood ran o'er—  
Swift to this clime he sped,  
To bear the news of Gospel grace,  
And here he found a resting-place  
Among the glorious dead.

Know'st thou how many sons of night  
He led into the Gospel light?  
Nay—nay; thou mayst not know;  
But when before the flaming bar,  
Then thou shalt count each radiant star  
That gleams upon his brow."

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

—  
BY MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

DAYS of the past,  
Thy remembrance is dear!  
Joys of the past,  
How fleeting ye were!  
Hopes of the past,  
Alike ye are fled!  
Friends of the past,  
*Some dear ones are dead!*  
Let me look back on those scenes which I lov'd—  
Mingle again with the friends which I prov'd—  
Listen again to their voices so dear—  
I would, but they're gone! Lo, the present is here!

Days of the present,  
Your worth may I know!  
Joys of the present,  
How sweetly ye flow!  
Hopes of the present,  
Are ye now fix'd on heaven?  
Friends of the present,  
We may shortly be riven!  
Then let us love while life's blood is yet warm—  
Own that in Friendship there dwelleth a charm—  
Taste of those pleasures true Friendship imparts—  
Give and receive them, O, balm to our hearts!

Days of the future,  
Ye may not be mine!  
Joys of the future,  
For whom will ye shine?  
Hopes of the future,  
I fear ye may wane!  
Friends of the future,  
*I know not one name!*  
Be it my care, then, the present to prize—  
Each day to improve, lest too quickly it flies;  
Ere the harvest is past, and the summer is done,  
May my soul be made pure, and bright heaven be won!

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD ITINERANT.

BY REV. ENOCH MUDGE.

"THIS is a terrible night for seamen. The winds howl angrily about the house; their rush and roar beset it on every side; they scream and howl among the branches of the trees, as if a thousand beasts of prey had broken loose from their dens to growl and roar with terrific fury—to devour all on whom they may seize. The dwelling trembles, as if affrighted. A chilling tremor comes over my flesh." My companion sat in silent musing, then calmly said, "How like the night on which we were shipwrecked! The Lord was nigh to us then when we called upon him—a refuge in time of trouble."

The thoughts run back, and call up the particulars of that scene of trial and wonderful deliverance. We had taken passage in an old lumber-loaded sloop, in bad condition, to go from Penobscot river to Boston. It was about the twentieth of September, 1798. What sailors call the "*Linelage*" overtook us. Our craft was a bad sailer, with a deck load of as heavy timber as, perhaps, was ever put on board of a vessel of her tonnage—her sails, rigging, and cables, old, worn, and insufficient for the trial which awaited her. A large fleet of coasters had been waiting over night in Owl's-Head for a change of wind. The morning dawned, the fogs rose, the scuds flew wildly, the winds murmured hoarsely through the rigging.

"It is clearing, Captain," said the watch on deck. The Captain soon put his head out of the companion-way: "I don't like them fierce and fiery-looking fellows yonder, (as he looked at the clouds;) we shall have a buster presently." The other vessels began to heave up, and one after another got under way. Our Captain was hesitating. The crew murmured, the rest of the fleet would make a passage, while we wait for a fair wind.

"They may get a whipping," said the old man; "but we will try it. Come, heave up—make sail."

No one appeared to be perfectly satisfied. Hopes and fears concerning making a passage alternately prevailed. The wind was fitful and squally. The forenoon wore away, and the vessels that started first were nearly out of sight. It was soon discovered that all in sight were putting away, and shaping their courses for the best harbors to leeward. The wind had increased to a gale. The old sloop labored and plunged heavily. Her timbers groaned piteously. One piece of rigging after another gave way. The jib was split, and became useless. We were nearing land, in hopes of gaining the harbor of Towns End, and had reached the lee of Squirrel Island. The wind headed. There was no alternative but to cast anchor, or be driven among the ledges and breakers. Both anchors were dropped; but it soon appeared there was no possibility of riding in safety in that position. To heave off the deck load of heavy timber was impossible. Straining on the cables had started the

windlass, and the deck began to give way. The water was gaining in the hold. It was concluded to run her ashore on a small beach between the ledges, if possible.

While preparations were making for this, one cable parted, the other anchor broke its hold and dragged, so that it was now impossible to fetch up to the beach on the island. The anchor took good hold of the bottom; the cable was too short to ride easy, but it was run out to its extent and bent round the mast. Night shut down in pitchy darkness. All trust, save in God, had come to an end. The three men and boy, which made the crew, were watching, in the drenching rain, supperless and sleepless. The itinerant and wife had opportunity to think and speak of the past goodness of God, and their former experiences of his grace, and present reliance on the faithful promises of his truth and power to save. They now reminded each other of what they had often expressed as their desire, if it were the will of God, that they might both be taken together, at the same time and manner. At length a tremendous gust and surge struck the shivering bark. "Now," said he, "in five minutes we shall probably be in eternity."

"The will of the Lord be done," she replied, without uttering an expression of fear or terror, although when the men appeared for a moment below, they uttered their despairing and distressed expressions with tears and sobs, showing the inward conflict of their horror-stricken souls.

Within the five minutes God wrought a marvelous and unexpected deliverance. In the darkness of the night, a large, new, well-formed vessel, with excellent ground tackle, had come to anchor in such a position, as that when the last cable of the sloop parted, and she was drifting off in a more exposed situation, she was thrown around so that her bows raked by the side of the other vessel, when we all had an opportunity to spring forward; and, giving our cloaks to the wind, caught the rigging of the stranger, and were instantly on board her. Our vessel immediately disappeared in darkness.

When safely on board, we had time to reflect on the wisdom and power of divine Providence, that had so miraculously saved us from the jaws of death. The united wisdom and power of creation could not have devised and executed the work. Above all, how astonishing that the mind should have been kept in perfect peace amidst the war of elements, and in expectation of instant death by being dashed to pieces on the rocks! To God be all praise ascribed! We rode out the gale in safety. The next afternoon we hove up, and stood away for a better harbor, and were hailed by some fishermen, who had been to the wreck, and who informed us that all the crew and passengers were lost, as they had picked up trunks, &c. But here we were alive to praise God. O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! Blessed be the name of the Lord!

## I SHALL NOT DIE, BUT LIVE.

BY DR. EDWARD B. STEVENS.

WHAT a vast, incomprehensible mystery is wrapped up in that single word eternity! We may not penetrate its secure depth; all the varied stores of human language fail to impress us with its meaning; the most brilliant conceptions of eloquence do not convey to our perceptions a notion of its unmeasured extent; the bright, glowing fires of poetry, in its richest imaginings, are insufficient. We speak of the short-lived "now," and the shadowy, never-ending "to be," and still realize within ourselves a consciousness of the tameness and insipidity of our expressions, in contrast with that which is the wondrous reality.

What, indeed, is this present state in which we find ourselves? We can easily enough say, "This is a life of probation"—"a temporal confinement of the soul in the bodily encasing;" and yet how vague and feeble is such answer to the inquiring mind that is eagerly grasping toward the truth of creation!

I have often fancied the pure diamond, in some sort, a type of the human existence. That gem contains its essence—its ethereal form, reduced, through some strangely-wondrous process of the Author, from this ethereal, invisible state to another—a crystal—a precious stone, so faultless, that, through common consent, it has become the synonym for purity. Fire destroys this bodily form, and that essence—that spiritual shape, ascends again far away to regions above, while a spot of dull, earthy matter remains—the body in death. But is this death? is it a termination of existence? is it destruction? or is it only change—a clothing in brightness of the ugly and deformed, and a removal of the ill-featured and fading, to make manifest the beautiful and excellent. Heretofore, physical laws restrained the material form, circumscribed its action, limited its sphere, abridged its existence. It has now entered upon a new epoch; the matter still exists and will ever; but it has become pure, and is freed from the dross of its earthly tabernacle—it still lives; it cannot die!

Such is the pleasant reflection of the pilgrim, struggling along the mazy fight of this world; and a fancy, too, that is as truthful as pleasant. In it is no dreamy imagining of the skeptic, contemplating in gloomy complacency the new creations of a diseased intellect, but the happy teachings of that illuminated page, where every word beams forth in light.

There is another view of this matter, which, perhaps only correlative to the primary proposition of immortality, is still one of abiding interest, and worthy more than a passing reflection. Even as connected with this world, and were his soul never to soar beyond the blue expanse, man seems truly to have a sort of spiritual existence. While living, man's fame, and glory, and praise, and power, have in them an abstract idea, that are of the individual

a thing apart and distinct. In death, there still remains the odor of his memory, that may be sweet or repulsive, which yet *lives* in his works—in that which he has done.

It is a glorious sight, that of the youth battling earnestly and manfully for this immaterial part of his being—rushing forth to combat with the material and spiritual adversaries of this world—every nerve full-strained, perseverance and energy stamped upon his brow, and self-reliance sparkling in his eye. At one broad, hurried glance he takes in the honors, the treasures, the power, and dominion of this world, and gazes upon them whirled along as in the wild blast of the tornado. Puny men are swept up in its course, and trumpet their own glory as they pass. It is the giant, the strong man, the man of faith, that dares to stretch out his arm and grapple with the storm.

Yes, that is a glorious sight!—a gorgeous spectacle!—the youth who thus dares when such are the threatening odds. It is truly an exciting contest. There is in that immortal soul more of value than all the priceless treasures of the orient. Not all the proud fleets of the universe bear on the bosom of the mighty deep cargoes of such worth; he is battling for the spiritual existence in this world.

How will he bear himself in the fight? Will his nation's history bear stamped upon its living pages the impress of his huge intellectual form. Will he mirror himself there? will he be found, too, ever defending the cause of truth and right, *which can never die*, and for them dashing aside the temporal allurements of place and emolument, bidding a fierce and glowing defiance to all such? or will he shrink when the trial comes? Will his cheek blanch when the foe appears? Will he drop his falchion blade? Not one nick on its edge?—not one blood spot on its polished surface?—not one enemy of truth and righteousness cloven down? *Will he die, and die entirely?* Will he leave behind him no name that shall be hymned in the songs of his countrymen? Yes, it is a glorious strife; but it is a fearful issue.

This, too, is a pleasant picture. The wild and flashing excitement of the stormy strife is ended. The youth has fought the good fight, and is youth no more. The silvery locks of age stray from the fillet of boys. Even in this world he is crowned with the emblems of honor. Toil, anxiety, sweat of brain have been his for long years; and still bright hopes of the future have never grown dim to his determined vision. Still has he toiled on, when others have flagged in the painful pursuit. He has won the prize! The clouds of his past are all swept away. His sun goes down in a bright, clear sky. His spirit wings its way to a more peaceful clime. He chants the strains of the blessed. He shouts, "*I shall not die, but live!*"

LET prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.

## A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?" HEMANS.

BROKEN-HEARTED mothers are often seen mourning over the waywardness of their children, when parental authority is no longer regarded, and parental tears have ceased to affect the heart. The cause may usually be found in some defect in early training; in some neglect of enforcing parental authority; a want of resolution to sustain, with *firmness*, the rules laid down for the government of the family. Though conscious of this, she frequently grieves over the obstinate and self-willed adult daughter, without adopting any corrective measures for her, or resolutely endeavoring to prevent similar results in the younger members of the family. Too few realize the fearful responsibility that rests upon them in training the infant mind for usefulness here, and the infant heart for the happiness of heaven.

It is needless to resort to romance to exemplify these painful truths. They are too legibly written in the living realities of the world around us. To select from the too numerous instances which fall under the observation of every one, and to simply narrate such facts as may warn some to whom warning may yet be useful, is the object of the following unpretending sketch. The persons are yet living, and many of the readers of the Repository will supply the blanks, and substitute the proper names for the assumed ones, chosen to avoid the unnecessary pangs that might ensue from a use of the real names of the real characters, whose history is thus written, by request of one of the parties, *as a warning to indulgent mothers*.

In the year 18—I first became acquainted with the amiable and intelligent Mrs. B., the mother of three promising children. She had married, at an early age, a man of influence and wealth; but, as his wealth increased and his influence extended, he became the unhappy victim of intemperance. He vainly dreamed he could indulge in this vice, and yet continue in the high station he occupied, and raise his family in respectability and honor.

In an evil hour he fell; and a withering blight fell, also, upon the heart of his affectionate wife. Had he died, time might have lessened the poignancy of her grief. But he lived the life of the drunkard. Upon her alone now devolved the training of the infant minds committed to her care. How unprepared she was for such a task, will be seen in the sequel. Young and thoughtless, the gayest among the gay, without that *true piety* which *alone* can prepare us to discharge the duties of life faithfully, she entered upon the arduous duties before her. Possessed of a proud, ambitious spirit, she determined that her children should *excel* their

associates in educational advantages. Accordingly, all the skill and management she possessed were employed to obtain the best books and instructors, to accomplish her desired object. She so far succeeded, that their minds were indeed well stored; but they lacked that education of *heart* which improves the finer feelings of our natures, and better prepares us for usefulness and respectability in the world. When at home, every childish desire of their youthful hearts was gratified by their indulgent mother. They, of course, soon became obstinate and incorrigible. The youngest, a son, soon went beyond his mother's control in every thing. Living on the beautiful Ohio, its silvery waters often enticed him to bathing, though his mother faithfully warned and imploringly entreated him to refrain from the imminent peril of such a course. It could hardly be expected that a son who had never been controlled in childhood, at the age of twelve could be induced to yield his stubborn will to the entreaties of a fond mother. He became more and more hazardous, and his mother more uneasy with regard to his safety. One day her extreme anxiety of mind led her to the banks to look after her disobedient son. She arrived there just in time to see him fall from his little bark into the cold stream beneath. The shrieks of the heart-broken mother brought immediate assistance. They rescued him from a watery grave, but his spirit had fled to God who gave it. The mother now began to reproach herself for neglect of duty in the early training of her children. She looked upon her two daughters, just merging into womanhood. They were beautiful, and had received every advantage which education could confer upon them. "But," she exclaimed, "they are *obstinate and self-willed*. Cannot something be done to reclaim them? *No; their habits are formed—their principles fixed*. It is too late—it is too late!"

At the funeral of the son, a stranger, who had been introduced to the family a short time before, was seen assisting in every possible way, and apparently deeply sympathizing with the bereaved. He returned from the grave to the house with the family, and tried, by every means in his power, to comfort the disconsolate sisters. Cecelia, the eldest, became much interested in the young stranger; and, as he continued his visits, his society became still more attractive to her. Her mother, observing the effect that his winning manners and intelligent conversation had upon her innocent and unsuspecting daughter, made diligent inquiry to ascertain his true character. She found he was an intemperate man, and, in every respect, unworthy her daughter. She returned, after receiving this intelligence, and in despair, asked herself, "How shall I approach Cecelia? She has undoubtedly bestowed her young affections upon that stranger; and, as she has never listened to my advice in other matters, is it likely she will do it in an affair of the heart? But O, when I tell her he is an *inebriate*, and she remembers the sufferings her own father has brought upon

me, and the withering disgrace upon my children, by such a course, will she not heed my advice? I will go to her room, and tell her all I have learned. I will discharge my duty, and leave the consequences with herself." Vain thought, fond mother! The little twig that in the nursery could have been shaped by thy gentlest touch, has become the sturdy oak that bows only to the leveling storm. Too soon that storm came. Faithfully did she warn; with the eloquence of tears she pleaded, but all in vain.

"He has been slandered. I can never believe that is his character," was the answer.

"Then, Cecelia, you are still determined to receive his visits?"

"I certainly am."

"Then, my child, I shall interpose my authority, and send him word immediately to discontinue his visits at my house."

The confiding wife communicated her fears to her husband, and, strange to say, the inebriate became perfectly deranged at the thought, and said he would rather commit his beautiful daughter to an untimely grave than give her in marriage to a drunkard. Means were immediately taken to prevent any further conversation between the parties. Months rolled on; in the meantime a clandestine correspondence was kept up.

The first of May, 183—, was a beautiful morning; and while Maria, the younger sister, and several associates, repaired to the woods to cull flowers for their herbariums, Cecelia retired to her room, with a pensive look, promising soon to join them in the woods. The day was passed cheerfully by the young botanists, but not without many an inquiry after the missing Cecelia, whose company seemed necessary to complete the joy of the ramble. There was but one conjecture—she must have been taken suddenly ill. This thought materially marred Maria's pleasure, and somewhat hastened her return. Her first duty was to repair to her room to inquire after her sister, and cheer her by an exhibition of the rich proceeds of the day's labor, and a rehearsal of the incidents, which would amuse and relieve her. But she found no sister there, nor any thing that could explain her absence. The agony of the family was intolerable. Diligent search was made; but all in vain. Night came; but the gathering darkness only added to the gloom of parents and sister, as they attempted vainly to conjecture the fate of the missing. While they were in the depths of despair, a traveler sought the shelter of their roof for the night, and, unconscious of the revelation he was making, almost immediately related, as an incident of his day's journey, that he had witnessed the marriage of a runaway couple, a few hours before. His description of the parties soon assured the parents that their unfortunate daughter was the heroine of the scene. Maria threw herself into her mother's arms, and gave way to feelings she could no longer control; while the mother, in the agony of her heart, could only ex-

claim, "My children—my children!" The father, filled with revenge, immediately armed himself, and set out with the full intention of putting an end to the life of his daughter and the miserable wretch that *had caused her to disregard all parental authority*. He soon arrived at the village, went to the house where he had been directed by the traveler, and inquired for his child. Cecelia went alone to meet him. As she approached him, she exclaimed, "*My father!*" These words sunk deep into his enraged heart, and in a moment calmed his turbulent passions. The words, "*My father,*" made him forget that the weapons of death were about him, and that he had come the destroyer of her life. Though he had been a drunkard for many years, all the sensibilities of his soul had not been blunted—all the finer feelings of his nature had not been erased. There were some cords of affection still vibrating in his heart, that might be touched by his affectionate and artless child.

Shall I give the subsequent history of Cecelia? I may only glance at it. It is too heart-rending to dwell upon. She went to housekeeping immediately, in very respectable style. The third day after marriage the young husband came home too intoxicated to see the company that called, and was put to bed, under pretense of being sick. Poor Cecelia vainly attempted to conceal the anguish of her heart as she conversed with her friends. She read, in the events of that evening, with too much certainty, her future fate. It would be vain to attempt to record the tears and sighs of her first night with a drunkard, or her bitter and useless repentance over her disobedience and rashness. A few words more must suffice.

In the suburbs of the town of R., whose beautiful location on the Ohio is proverbial, may be found an old, dilapidated dwelling, and the wreck of beauty, weeping over five helpless children in rags. And often may be seen a monster, heaping abuses upon the innocent and uncomplaining one.

Many were the promises made by Maria to be more dutiful and obedient in future, that she might become the solace and comfort of her parents in their declining life. Time fled, and with its flight came many unexpected changes. One evening she attended a large party, at which she was introduced to a young stranger, who filled all her romantic ideas of perfection and beauty. As their acquaintance extended, they became delighted with each other, and, in the course of a few months, she received proposals of marriage from him. The mother, in the meantime, having conversed with him on several occasions, found him a confirmed Atheist. She could not entertain the idea, for a moment, of sacrificing her youngest and last child, by bestowing her upon a man of such principles. Accordingly, Maria was forbidden any further intercourse with him. She was confined closely to the house, with permission to hold conversation with none but its inmates. In the course of a few weeks she obtained permission from her mother to visit a neighboring

family. While there, one of our mail-boats landed at the wharf, near the house. In an instant Maria thought of a plan, which she put into execution without a moment's reflection. She had an acquaintance living in the Queen City, a milliner, whom she had often wished to visit. She thought this a favorable opportunity, and that she could probably succeed in learning the trade, and thus provide for her own wants, and free herself from parental restraint, which *she* considered entirely too arbitrary. The parents were soon informed of the strange course she had taken, and many kind letters were written to her, to prevail on her to return. But all of no avail.

Fortunately for her, the young man soon became so involved, that he was compelled to leave for parts unknown. One would think, after being thus disappointed in securing the object she desired to obtain, that she would have returned, like the prodigal, and sought, by timely repentance, the forgiveness, care, and protection of her parents. Had she listened to the reproofs of conscience, or to her better judgment, she would, indeed, have returned. But she was too proud-spirited. She had *never submitted to any will but her own, when a child*; and could it be expected that she would now become humble and submissive? She remained there two years, and, a few months ago, was married to a stranger from the south, and returned with him, without bidding her parents a last farewell.

New scenes and new acquaintances may, for a time, cause her to forget her mother, and she may even justify herself for her unnatural conduct; but when the novelty wears off, and she reflects as she should, and as she no doubt will—for conscience will not let the disobedient and sinful rest—deep will be the sorrow that will rend her heart, and bitter the cup of her repentance. But nothing can heal the broken heart of the mother. Bereft of her only earthly comforts, by a more cruel fate than would have been untimely graves, in sadness she lingers her remaining years, with bitter and fruitless chidings for her neglect of duty to her children, when firmness, with kindness, might have made them useful to society, and a comfort to her. Indulgence was her fault, and *is* the fault of thousands.

#### THE INDIAN.

ALAS, for them! their day is o'er,  
Their fires are out from shore to shore;  
No more for them the wild deer bounds—  
The plough is on their hunting grounds.  
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,  
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;  
Their pleasant springs are dry;  
Their children—look, by power oppressed,  
Beyond the mountains of the west—  
Their children go—to die!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

#### RELIGION IN OLD AGE.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

THERE lives, in the city of Brooklyn, a lady, at the advanced age of one hundred and three years. As might be expected, many persons visit her through curiosity, it being a rare occurrence to see one of her age. She is happy in receiving visitors, and entertains them very agreeably, in the recital of events which occurred when she was young, and in contrasting former times with the present. From her appearance and conversation, one would suppose her to be about seventy-five or eighty, and would be agreeably surprised in observing how well she retains her mental faculties, and with what comparative ease she communicates her thoughts. Nothing like fretfulness or irritability of temper is observed; but a quiet, peaceful state of mind, an evenness of disposition, is plainly apparent.

When I saw her, a few months since, I could not but admire the virtues she had long cherished, and which now adorn her character with no common grace. For many years she has been a member of a Christian Church, and she speaks with lively interest of the time when first she made her espousals to God, and received, from him, the pledge of love. Clinging to the cross of Christ, she has braved the storms of life, and now, in the evening of her career, the Gospel promises gladden her heart, and she waits the Savior's bidding to quit the scenes of time, and hail the dawn of her coronation day.

How important and how consolatory is true religion, to allay the fears and to quiet the mind, under such circumstances. It then appears in its own perfection; not neglected till old age steals on, and the sensibilities of the soul become stupefied with care, and corrupted by sin, and then sought in vain; but sought and obtained while the individual is young, enjoyed and practiced through a long and varied life, and its life-giving blessedness realized when trembling mortality totters on the verge of the grave, and the immortality of human nature is about to lift its pinion for a flight to the skies. It is then that religion may be seen quite ripe, on "earthly ground;" and, like a treasure, it enriches its possessor; like a garment, it shields the soul from the contagion of sin; like a crown of glory, it adorns the hoary head. Better, far better, is it, in the sunset of life, to enjoy the sweet satisfaction of glancing over a life spent in the service of God, and terminating with the smiles of heaven, than from the summit of fame to review the past with tears of regret and feelings of remorse.

"THE enjoyment of heaven," says Dr. Liefchild, "will not be the enjoyment of self, but the enjoyment of God; losing ourselves in him in light ineffable, that he may be all in all."

## LEGEND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY REV. M. SPRINGER.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD is the largest of the group of beautiful islands which lie off the south shore of the Old Bay State. During a delightful visit of two weeks on this island, I spent much time in roaming over its old fields, and ascending to the summit of the Chilmark hills, from whence there is a fine view of Noman's Island at the southwest, the Elizabeth Islands in the northwest, and Nantucket at the east. Often have I strolled for miles upon the sandy beach, watching the ever-rolling surf, and picking up curious pebbles and strange shells. At other times, from the tower of the Methodist church, in Edgartown, which is the grand look-out for approaching whale ships and fishing craft, I have explored with the telescope the south shore of Cape Cod, and looked in upon the beautiful villages, which are scattered along from Falmouth to Chatham. From this elevated position, in a clear day, may be seen hundreds of vessels, dotting the surface of the ocean in every direction, as far as the eye can reach.

My most interesting visit, however, was to Gay Head, on the westernmost extremity of the island. It is an elevated promontory, terminating in a bold perpendicular cliff, about one hundred and sixty feet high. This cliff is composed of clay of different colors, blue, red, and white in alternate strata, and presents, from the ocean, a strange, fantastic appearance, not much unlike a lady's head-dress, from which circumstance sailors have given it the appropriate name of Gay Head. A deep gorge, or ravine, in one place, leads, by a tortuous passage, to the water's edge, and, from a singular Indian tradition, is called the Devil's Den. In this gorge are found, mixed with the soil, bones and teeth of sharks, whales, and other fish, with fragments of fossil charcoal, supposed by some to be the residue of fires, kindled by the ancient aboriginal inhabitants, for the purpose of cooking and celebrating their piscatory feasts. Imbedded in the clay, also, of the bluff, are found skeletons of fish so perfect, and in such positions, as to induce the belief among scientific men, that Gay Head was suddenly elevated from the sea by volcanic or other subterranean force.

The little peninsula forming Gay Head has been set apart, and appropriated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the remnant of a once numerous tribe of Indians, who now live in neat, substantial houses, cultivate the soil, and furnish some of the most fearless and successful adventurers in the whale-fishery.

There is an ancient tradition still preserved, and familiar with these descendants of the aborigines, and which is found in Jones' traditions of the North American Indians. From this it appears that the first adventurer from the main land to the Island of Nope, (the original name of Martha's

Vineyard,) was an Indian, who, many ages since, went across on a cake of ice, accompanied by his dog. The only inhabitant he found was a giant, named Moshop, who, with his wife and five children, lived in the Den at Cape Higgin, (the Indian name of Gay Head.) He was tall as the pine tree, and, assisted by his wife and sons, used to wade into the ocean and catch whales, drag them on shore, and, with a fire made of trees which they had plucked up by the roots, roast them for their daily repast.\*

Unlike those cannibal monsters, Slaygood and Grim, who, in the days of Bunyan, delighted in picking the bones of poor pilgrims, Moshop was placable and good-natured. Conscious of his superior prowess, he saw with complacency the arrival of fresh emigrants from the main, parceled out his island to their chiefs, assisted them in their enterprises, and taught them the art of killing whales. At this time there settled on the southern shore of Nope a powerful chief named Hiwasse, who became the great sachem of that portion of the island which lies most exposed to the fogs of spring. He was a rich and mighty man, had much land well adapted to the growing of maize, swamps filled with terrapins and cranberries, numerous ponds stocked with clams, oysters, perch, and wild fowl, and forests abounding with deer. He was, moreover, on excellent terms with Moshop, and thus escaped all taxes, contributions, and tenths; only making him, now and then, a present of grapes and cranberries for a dessert to his more substantial dinners of whale's flesh and oil.

This sachem had an only daughter, young, and more beautiful than any other maiden in all the Island of Nope. Her hair was long and glossy as the raven's plume; her step light as the bounding doe. None in the mimic sport could draw the hunter's bow so dexterously, or manage the light skiff in the tumbling surf with so much skill as Nanina, (the Little Raven.) When her hair was decked with scallop shells, and her ears ornamented with pendent crab's claws, she was perfectly bewitching. She was, indeed, a beautiful creature, and understood better than any other the art of attracting all the brave and best of the land. Her father's wigwam was visited by numerous suitors, who came to solicit Nanina's love. Thither came the chiefs of tribes that dwelt at Chopoquiddick, Popannessett, and Suckatasket,† who asked of the grand sachem his daughter in marriage. But the Little Raven was deaf to all their tales of love. She laughed at their presents of conch shells, terrapins, and eagle's feathers, and barred her father's

\* There is a ledge in the Vineyard Sound, stretching off in the direction from Gay Head toward the Elizabeth Islands, known to sailors as the "Sow and Pigs." Indian tradition informs us that these rocks are remnants of an ancient bridge, built by Moshop, which was afterward washed away by the sea.

† These are well known localities on the island, still recognized by these names.

wigwam against their approach. The truth must be told. Nanina had long placed her affections upon a young warrior named Waposset, who dwelt at the west end of the island. He was reckoned a great favorite of Mosop, and some even said he was son of the devil of Cape Higgin. Waposset was taller and more graceful than any other young man of all the tribes of Nope. Though an orphan, and without inheritance, he had become distinguished for uncommon bravery and prowess in battle; and, while terrible as the lightning's stroke to his foes, to Nanina he was all gentleness and love. Long had they loved each other with the truest affection, and all their hopes centred in a union. But Hiwasse was proud, and, like many other fathers, objected to the marriage of his daughter with one so penniless as Waposset. What was to be done? The lovers talked the matter over again and again, and finally determined to apply to Mosop for his counsel and aid. They forthwith repaired to the residence of the goblin. It was an auspicious moment; for Mosop was in the height of glee and good nature at his extraordinary success in whale-fishing. A school of these monsters, in a recent dark and stormy night, becoming bewildered, had foundered on a neighboring ledge, and a great many young whales had been deposited near the mouth of his den. Withal he had just received a present, from a distant friend, of several hundred pounds of tobacco, and was now enjoying his pipe, after a luxurious meal. He was, indeed, just in that joyous and happy state, when a man, whose utmost wants have all been recently supplied, is disposed to let others share the happiness which he himself possesses. He listened auspiciously to the tale of the lovers, and, rising from his grassy couch, thrust a hundred pounds of tobacco into his pouch, and placing the remains of a grampus, on which he had recently dined, into his huge pocket, to serve as a lunch, with Waposset perched on his shoulder, and Nanina sitting on his folded arm, he proceeded forthwith, at a pace that would have challenged the man with the seven-league boots, to Sanchequintacket,\* the residence of Hiwasse. The chief was engaged with the other sachems of the east end, in celebrating a feast. All rose with profound respect at the appearance of Mosop, who, without preface or ceremony, demanded of Hiwasse his objections to the marriage of Waposset with the beautiful Nanina. Hiwasse replied. His reasons were the same that have a thousand times been urged by rich and purse-proud fathers, to the marriage of their daughters with poor but meritorious lovers, "Poverty." This was the sum of Hiwasse's objections. If he were sachem of an honorable tribe, or did he own an island of the surrounding group, or if he could pay a large dower in wampum, eagle's feathers, and wolf skins, he might be welcome to his daughter. "Good," said Mosop, "follow me." At the time of which we write, Nantucket had no existence.

The little Island of Tuckernuck then formed part of the great Island of Nope, from which it was afterward disengaged by the washing of the sea, during a mighty storm. To a high cliff upon the eastern side of this same Tuckernuck, Mosop conducted Hiwasse, his daughter, her lover, and a great crowd of Indians, who followed to see what mighty feat the goblin was about to perform. First, he dug a great hole in the earth, the contents of which he threw into the sea. Into the hole he cast heated stones, muttering all the while strange words, the meaning of which none but himself could understand. Once he bowed to the setting sun, twice to the north star, blew thrice an immense conch shell, when, in a few moments, the clouds arose, it grew black as midnight, while muttering thunders were heard and lightnings flashed. Mosop charged heavily his pipe with tobacco, and presenting it with his right hand to the clouds, kindled it from a flash of lightning. He now commenced smoking at a huge rate. Presently a hissing noise was heard: Mosop had emptied his pipe into the sea. Soon it grew light; a gentle breeze wafted away the vapors which surrounded them, and there, in all its original beauty, lay Nantucket, the name of which Mosop pronounced, (meaning Nanina's Island,) and gave it to the maiden for her dower. The couple were married, and Waposset lived long the happy and powerful sachem of Nantucket.

#### THE ROSE-BUD.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. DR. CONWELL ON THE DEATH OF HER BABY.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WALKER.

As I chanced to pass by the family bower,  
I saw in its bosom a delicate flower,  
Unfolding its fragrant leaves.

'Twas a tender rose-bud, of lily hue,  
Expanding its beauties 'neath the dew  
Of thy maternal love.

A gem it was of priceless worth,  
A sprig of purest bliss on earth,  
Of heavenly origin.

Again I looked for the lovely flower,  
But saw the lone stem in the lonely bower—  
Some angel had borne it hence.

Transferred to that perennial shore,  
Where wintry blasts can chill no more,  
It blooms, a flower of love.

Beneath those bright and balmy skies,  
The rose ne'er fades, nor beauty dies,  
But ever bloom.

Then haste to that elysian plain,  
And cherish there thy flower again,  
In Eden's bowers.

\* The residence of the late Ichabod Norton, Esq.

## THE WIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY REV. D. WISE.

EVERY woman is not fitted to make a master mind happy, especially if that mind is devoted to the laborious duties of the Christian philanthropist. No ordinary woman can sympathize with the noble self-sacrifices, the voluntary tasks, the fierce trials, of those great spirits, whose individual influence moves multitudes to activity and improvement. To do so requires a mental elevation, a breadth of vision, to which a common mind is an absolute stranger. The fact, therefore, that CATHARINE VON BORA made Luther happy in his domestic life, places her, beyond dispute, in the ranks of superior women.

There is a little of the romance of real life in the early history of Catharine. She belonged to a noble family, and, in accordance with the cruel spirit of that Catholic age, was buried in the solitude of that living tomb, the cloister, at a time of life when her youth, her beauty, and a delicate first love, made the world an object of desire and delight.

Happily for Catharine, the grim walls of the monastery of Nimptsch were not sufficient to exclude those rays of divine truth which now began to irradiate Germany. The voice of Luther fell upon the startled ears of those quiet nuns. They heard how his bold arm had cast off the shackles of the Pope. Their hearts, though chilled and desolate, under the unnatural discipline of the convent, still sighed silently for the world and humanity. The wondrous achievements of Luther awakened the hope that his strong hand might yet open the doors of their cells.

While this hope was kindling the stifled fires of life within them, a copy of God's word found its way into their spiritual prison. Its voice was the voice of God; its light was the light of Jesus. In its sublime teachings they saw the dissolution of their unhallowed vows; they heard the proclamation of their spiritual liberty; they felt the tyranny of the Papal yoke. They nobly resolved to be free. To resolve was to act. Perilous as was the step, both to their lives and characters, rejected as they were by their parents, whose aid they solicited by letters, with heroic boldness they trampled their monastic vows in the dust, and fled from the nunnery in a wagon, under the guidance of two pious men. Nothing could exceed the surprise, and even perplexity, of Luther, when this wagon, with its precious freight, drew up in front of Luther's old convent, in Wittemberg. His astonishment would, probably, have been greater, had he then known that one of these refugees would afterward become his wife.

Catharine was admitted into the house of a burgomaster in Wittemberg, who became her protector. She had not been there long before Luther thought of making her his wife. We can hardly conceive what an outrage upon public sentiment, what a

shock to the religious sensibilities of the people in that age, was involved in the marriage of a monk to a nun. Luther knew well what a storm his marriage would excite. He understood it to be the dissolution of the very last tie that bound him to the Papacy; and, therefore, he hesitated at first to take the step. His friends, too, were alarmed at the bare thought.

"If that man marries, he will cause men and devils to shout with laughter, and bring ruin upon all he has hitherto effected," cried his friend Schurff.

Others responded to the cry of Schurff. But the great reformer sought light where he had so often found it before—in the word of God. At last he exclaimed: "I'll do it! I will play this trick to the world and the devil. I'll content my Father, and marry Catharine. I am determined to bear witness to the Gospel, not by my words alone, but by my actions," was his lofty reply to those who opposed his marriage.

Catharine also understood, though probably not so completely as Luther, how scandalous their marriage would appear. But, inspired by love and duty, she gave the reformer her hand. Defying the world, the noble pair approached the altar, pronounced the conjugal vow, and thus declared the nullity of their monastic vows, and their emancipation from the bonds of the Vatican.

Luther did, on the eve of this marriage, what, perhaps, no other man would have done. His Catharine had had a wooer, previously to becoming a nun. Luther, hearing this, writes to him: "If you desire to obtain your Catharine Von Bora, make haste, before she is given to another, whose she almost is." But Catharine's former lover had either lost his affection for his first choice, or he dreaded to compete with the mighty champion of the Reformation. Receiving no answer, Luther led the nobly born and beautiful Catharine to the altar.

The stormy anticipations of the bridal pair were realized. Vials of fierce indignation were emptied on their heads without mercy. Some raised their eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, while their hearts throbbed with horror, "A monk has married a vestal!" Others raised their hands to heaven, and cried out, "Anti-Christ must be the fruit of such a union!" And even that bloated sensualist, Henry VIII, of England, said, "It is incest." It may be seriously questioned if any other marriage, in the world's history, has ever caused so much agitation and surprise as did that of Luther with Catharine Von Bora.

But this storm of fury, which broke out upon them, did not disturb the domestic bliss of the well-matched pair. They found a sanctuary from fear in the conscious rectitude of their motives; and the enjoyment of home life afforded the reformer an ample compensation for the noisy hostility of his enemies. He had found a *good wife*, worthy to be the partner of his bosom, or to share his honors. Luther loved her with tender affection. In his letters he styled her, "his dear and gracious wife,"

and, speaking of her, he said, "I love my Catharine. I love her more than myself; for I would sooner die than see any harm happen to her or to her children." These confessions are honorable alike to the husband and the wife. They speak loudly in favor of the high character of Catharine as a woman. Luther could not have loved a fool, a vain doll, a weak-minded woman. The fact that he loved her, proves incontestibly her high spiritual and intellectual worth. The influence of Catharine over Luther's spirits was most happy. It is well known that his bold heart often sunk into moods of deep despondency. It was a pleasant sight to see "his Ketha" approach him at such times, and endeavor to comfort him, by reciting passages of Scripture in his ears, bidding him trust in that word which he had delivered from its bondage. Nor were her efforts vain. Through her encouragements, his heart often rose above its trials, the frown fled from his brow, and smiles of hope wreathed his lips.

Catharine shared, with her husband, his eager thirst for *truth*. It was a lovely sight to see them in their hours of leisure—few, indeed, in their number—when she sat by his side, working his portrait in needle-work, and asking him artless questions concerning the word of God. And this, like all her other actions, was done with such true, womanly dignity, that it touched his great heart, and, hardly concealing his admiration of her noble deportment, he used to call her, "My loved Catharine." We can readily imagine how delightfully those hours passed away.

Catharine retained her husband's love to his death. Hers was truly a happy marriage, and every Protestant heart owes Catharine a grateful and affectionate remembrance, because *she made Luther happy*.

#### A THOUGHT ON THE FUTURE.

BY M. G.

O! COULD my young, restless heart only believe,  
That the spirits of those who on earth I have loved  
Where hovering around me, life's cares to relieve,  
Rejoicing in sorrow and trouble removed;  
Then with confidence strong I would boldly press on,  
And nobly encounter the perils of life;  
I would heed not the storm till the bright goal was  
won,  
And could spurn all the dangers and toils of the  
strife.

But I cannot believe it, though oft I have striven;  
My shuddering spirit shrinks back at the thought;  
Ah, no! 'twould be too much of happiness given—  
The battle of life by *ourselves* must be fought.  
The bright angels above are too lovely and pure,  
To look down again on the children of earth;  
We *alone* must all grief and affliction endure,  
Toiling on, till we rest in a holier birth!

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#### DIVISION IN RELIGION.

BY REV. J. PORTER

SOCIETY is divisible into three classes, namely, those who are decidedly good, those who are decidedly wicked, and those who "halt between two opinions"—are neither one thing or another. The latter, we conceive, enjoy life least of the three, though, in point of character, somewhat in advance of the second. They are poor, pitiable objects. At times, they go to considerable lengths in sin; but, bethinking themselves, they relent, and thus maintain a degree of consciousness sufficient to keep them in a sort of intermittent agony, more or less intense, according to the irregularities of their course. Yet they have sunny seasons, and often appear cheerful, and even transported; but these are quickly succeeded by darkness and storms, which render life a burden, and sometimes result even more seriously. But those who yield themselves up decidedly to sin, soon drown the clamor of conscience, and so harden their hearts against God, as to go on prosperously, without compunction and without fear. When Asaph saw them, his "feet well-nigh slipped;" "for," said he, "I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked; for there are no bands in their death; they are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish; they set their mouth against the heavens; they speak wickedly; they speak loftily; they say, How doth God know?" But, going into the sanctuary of the Lord, he learned their *end*, and was satisfied, notwithstanding the apparent advantage of sin, that a life of piety is the most profitable. The heathen, however, who are not permitted to scan futurity by the light of divine revelation, still insist that "the prosperity of the wicked is a reproach to the gods."

But a life of settled and uniform piety is best, most felicitous, though not exempt from the "light afflictions" incident to humanity; nor, indeed, from certain others, of which it is the occasion. A life of impenitence cannot fail to issue in destruction, however agreeable its social circumstances. A life of vacillation is scarcely less offensive or ruinous. The language of inspiration, on this point, is strikingly significant. Yet how strong the tendency of seriously-inclined people in this direction! No religion is the first choice of people in general, as little as can possibly be thought safe the second, and entire decision and consecration the last of all. Yet this is the exact measure of our duty, our only safety, and, on the whole, the true path of pleasantness and peace.

Look a moment at the great mass of evangelically-trained youth. They are intelligent; they know their duty—what they ought to be; and are often disquieted by the thought of their delinquency, and secretly vow reform. Yet they are in such tyrannous bondage to popular party, or individual

opinions, they dare not do right, and sooner deny their honest convictions with an oath. Indeed, we have seen some oppressed with a sense of duty to such a degree they could hardly control themselves; but still they would not be induced to do it, lest they should lose the good opinion of others, and expose themselves to the charge of fanaticism. Young men are particularly sensitive at this point. Though they are superior in a kind of daring, properly termed fool-hardiness, in real courage to do the bidding of their God and their conscience, they are behind the other sex. This explains why it is that our prisons and penitentiaries are filled with *men*, and our churches with *women*. Men are not half so fearful of sheriffs and prison walls, as of the reproach of obeying God and being Christians. Like the chief rulers of old, though they believe in Christ, they do not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue of popular opinion, because they love "the praise of men more than the praise of God." How much the Church owes to the moral heroism of the finer sex, for the Christian principle they dare to assert, and illustrate in practical life, is but dimly apprehended. If woman was first in transgression, she is also first in reformation. While Judas betrayed Christ, and Peter denied him, woman "ministered unto him," at the hazard of every earthly interest.

But young ladies generally have far less independence and decision than is becoming. The fear of losing cast among their associates, and being exposed to the contemptuous sneer of the gay and thoughtless, is overpowering. It often leads them to excessive frivolity, or to some compromise of principle, against the pungent remonstrances of truth and of conscience. Sometimes they succumb to the prejudices of an irreligious parent or brother. They not unfrequently have the fear of displeasing a suitor before their eyes. This is a mighty difficulty, and requires decision. To diverge from duty, on this account, is as impolitic as it is wicked. Those who do so, compromise religion and heaven for a husband, in whose principles they have no confidence. But it often happens that they miss their aim, or, what is worse still, in securing their object, lose all they hoped for, both in this and the world to come. Young ladies should lay it down as a fixed truth, that he who would reject them because of their fidelity to Christ, is better lost than gained. He shows at once that he is a heartless tyrant, and would make the domestic peace of his wife dependent on her submission to his assumed sovereignty. We have seen too much of this not to speak with confidence. But, on the other hand, invincible decision and perseverance in the conscientious discharge of duty, forsaking all for Christ, if necessary, has the high assurance of a "hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

Mary was an amiable, but lively girl. She had long received the kind attentions of a young gentleman, whose spirit was congenial to her own, and

looked forward, with cheerful hope, to the consummation of their engagements. But, becoming seriously impressed with the importance of being a Christian, she, one evening, in the absence of her friend, went forward to the altar for prayer. This was a good beginning, lawful in itself, and altogether consistent with the matrimonial obligations of a young lady, or even the wife of any man. The next evening, as she was on her way to church, she met his lordship, who remarked, after a rather reserved greeting:

"Well, Mary, I understand you have become a Methodist."

"Ah!" said Mary, "that is not correct; I am not a Methodist yet; but I have been endeavoring to become a Christian."

"Well," said he, rather pertly, "if you are going to be a Methodist, it is time for you and me to quit."

"Very well," replied Mary, "just as you please. Good evening, sir;" and, turning away, she proceeded to the meeting.

When the invitation was given for inquirers to come forward, she was promptly at the altar. It was a time of interest and power. No doubt she then and there renounced all for Christ. But how happily disappointed was she, on rising from prayer, to find that her disaffected lover had been kneeling by her side! Here was independence and decision of character. It was magnanimous. It was worthy of the sex. It evinced a principle to obey God first, and hold all other interests subordinate; and, as is usual in such cases, it was unexpectedly rewarded. We heard no more complaint of Mary's Methodism after that evening.

### V A N I T Y .

—  
BY PHILO.  
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"*Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.*"

THIS is a lesson which the history of our world inculcates, but which many affect to despise; and few profit by learning and practicing the teachings of divine Wisdom. Burns spoke the truth, when he sung,

"*Pleasures are like poppies spread—  
You grasp the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river—  
A moment white, then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis' race,  
That flits ere you can point its place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.*"

The brevity of human life, and the mutability of fortune, should impress upon the heart of every person the importance of being ever ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. The reckless multitude are still flying from one fickle pleasure to another, from disappointment to disappointment, never seeming to be tired with the monotony of their miserable pursuit. An aged mother

in Israel related to me her own experience in reference to the world's pleasures. They had failed in every instance, and, through forty years of a life devoted to God, she had seen the world to be no friend to grace,

"To help us on to God."

"I had," said she, "a lovely daughter, who had neglected to give herself to Christ. At a meeting, held in the vicinity, she was convicted, and felt it to be her duty to begin *then* to serve God. She hesitated; but determined to join the Church at another meeting, soon to be held. She delayed; the delay was fatal. On the day the meeting began, she was buried." Would we be instructed, let us hear and profit by the experience of

SOLOMON

"I said in my heart, Go to, now. I will prove them with mirth; therefore, enjoy pleasure; and behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought, in my heart, to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting my heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens, and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also, I had great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me. I gathered me, also, silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of provinces; I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also, my wisdom remained with me; and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on all the labor that I had labored to do, *and behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun.*" Solomon, the great, the wise, the good King of Israel, sinned against God, and his sun set in clouds. His destiny is uncertain. May we profit by his example! Examples are not wanting in profane history. Many of the Roman emperors illustrated, in their lives and tragic deaths, the vanity of human glory. Among the more striking instances of the sudden destruction of power, wealth, and glory, one may be found in the life of

GELIMER.

He was King of the Vandals, and inherited the vast empire formed by the arms and genius of Genseric. He was successful in his attempt to dethrone the weak Hilderic, and seemed now firmly fixed in his capital. Justinian sent Belisarius, a skillful

and brave general, with a large army, to invade Africa, and recover it from the execrable reign of the heretical and barbaric Vandals. Gelimer strove to avert the impending storm, fought, was defeated, escaped to the interior of Africa, was pursued, taken, and carried in chains to Constantinople, to grace the triumph of Belisarius. While chained to the chariot of the victorious general, and walking through the streets, as the gazing-stock of an exulting people, he is said to have repeated the words, "Vanity of vanities; vanity of vanities!" Behold another picture in the history of the emperor

MAURICE.

The hero of several wars, the successor of Tiberius, and the pride of his people for a time, he fell more suddenly than he arose; and the usurpation of the centurion, Phocas, was so successful, that Maurice, with his wife and nine children, were forced to fly from Constantinople in the night. By the order of the usurper, his five sons were murdered before his face, and then Maurice himself also suffered death. Their bodies were cast into the sea, and their heads exposed to the cruel insults of the factious people. Constantinia and her daughter suffered the fate of her husband and sons, and Phocas seemed glutted with revenge, when Heraclius appeared before Constantinople, with a fleet, prepared to avenge the death of Maurice. Phocas is de-throned, and quickly follows his murdered sovereign to the bar of God, after experiencing every refinement in torture. Do we wish for examples among the other sex? Many might be referred to; but we would note

ANNE BOLEYN

Her beauty captivated the fickle "*defender of the faith*," Henry VIII. He succeeded; she became the Queen of England. The exaltation was brief; her end bloody; accused of a crime of which she was innocent, tried merely for a show of justice, condemned and executed at the command of her lord, who had already fastened his affections upon another beauteous creature, who, after an interval of one day from Anne's execution, became his wife. Another illustrious example is found in the life of

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Her marriage with the Dauphin, afterward Francis II, King of the French, her cruel separation from Francis, and her beloved France, through the influence of Catharine de Medicis, and the clamors of her people, her marriage to Lord Darnley, his murder, her attempted escape, capture, and subsequent marriage to Bothwell, her flight to England, her imprisonment, trial, and death, all show the vicissitudes of human life, the vanity of all earthly glory.

We desire to present one more example, for the encouragement of our readers, in striving to lay up treasure in heaven, and also to inspire their hearts with confidence in the God of Israel. Survey the history of

THE POPES.

"He," says Daniel, meaning the destroyer of three kingdoms, the little horn, "he shall speak

great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given unto his hand until a time, and times, and the dividing of time. But the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end." Such have been, without exception, the acts of the popes. They have all filled Daniel's description; and now the judgment is set, and the exiled Pius IX may have the honor of being the last of the bloody line of tyrants who have filled the world with the splendors of their power, and the cruelties of their despotic reign. Our hearts rejoice to see the colossal fabric of superstition, corruption, and villany, reared by the toil of so many Leos, Gregorios, and Piuses, fall into ruins. We thank God that her days are about numbered. While Truth eternal writes "Vanity" on all earthly things, we are assured that "the word of the Lord endureth for ever." O, let us then secure an interest in an eternal home, and make our peace with the "King of kings!" The Lord demands our hearts; let us

"Yield to love's resistless power,  
And fight against our God no more."

#### MY MOTHER'S WHISPERING.

BY A. F. HAYNIE.

THERE'S many a joy that I have known;  
That I would not forget;  
That every year has dearer grown,  
Awakening no regret;  
And memory loves to wander in  
Its dreamiest flights, where they  
Sleep in the void of deepening night,  
And call them back to day.  
But the dearest treasure it returns  
Upon its airy wing,  
Is a prayer and song, in the gentle voice  
Of my mother, whispering.

The dream of my youthful days is sweet:  
Now youth has fled away;  
For there its loves again may meet,  
Though long swept by decay;  
And there may come again the strain,  
Like a heavenly worshiping,  
That blessed me at my mother's knee—  
My mother's whispering.

Youth's dancing sunlight, and its streams,  
That rippled on for e'er—  
Its music and its golden dreams,  
To memory so dear,  
May o'er my heart, with magic spell,  
Elysian beauties fling;  
But, O! they do not charm me like  
My mother's whispering.

And manhood, with its clouds of care,  
Will oft recall those days,  
When, kneeling at my mother's knee,  
I heard her pious lays,  
And prayers, that oft come stealing back  
Through darkened years, to bring  
Again, around my wayward track,  
My mother's whispering.

Long, weary years may heap their griefs  
In mounting blackness up,  
And pleasure martial its reliefs,  
In many a nectar cup,  
Till trembling age, with feeble hold,  
To the thread of life shall cling;  
But I'll ne'er forget to hear, to love,  
My mother's whispering.

#### TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY MISS S. H. R.

WHY dost thou bathe thy robes of light,  
In yonder cloud of crimson bright,  
That's sleeping in the west?  
O, linger on the shores of day!  
O, why so quickly pass away,  
To seek a transient rest?

Yes, I have watched thy trembling form,  
In twilight eve and blushing morn,  
Till I have thought that thou  
Wert some bright home, where spirits pure,  
Far from the ills that we endure,  
At love's sweet altar bow.

But these are only visions wrought  
From Fancy's fairy thread, and brought  
Only to feel decay.  
Thy bright beams bring before my view,  
In memory, scenes which once were true,  
But now have passed away.

The past is written on thy ray,  
That glittering, lights the dashing spray,  
Upon life's beaten shore;  
For what is life but like the wave,  
That leaps within the light and shade,  
And then is seen no more?

Bright star, I love to gaze on thee,  
And fain would read my destiny  
Within thy volume fair;  
But well I know that thou canst bring  
No light upon thy shining wing,  
To chase one shadow there.

The twilight thickens round me now,  
And memory's visions o'er me bow—  
The pale, sad waste of years.  
I leave thee, for I fain would be  
This moment joyous, bright, and free,  
Nor dim the past with tears.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1849.

## THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A VOYAGE AT SEA.

THE Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles had, by this time, made every preparation to depart. The King's carriages were ordered to convey them to the coast; and not only the highest nobles of the country, but Philip himself, undertook to conduct them in safety to their ship.

On parting with the Spanish nobility, as they were about taking coach, Buckingham and Charles passed through the formalities of the farewell with great warmth; but when they came to give the parting hand to the Queen and to Donna Maria, the Minister's voice trembled with emotion, and the eyes of the Prince were filled with tears. The Donna, on her part, was so sincerely affected, that, in spite of the severity of her education, and the general punctilio of her manners, she fell upon the neck of Charles, who pressed her with seeming rapture to his bosom. Recovering partly her self-possession in a few moments, and being conscious of her breach of court discipline, she disengaged herself suddenly from the embrace of her lover, and, covering her face in the folds of her silk robe, ran with some precipitation from the room. But she had no sooner passed the threshold of the door, than she burst into a flood of emotion; and the last thing that the Prince could hear was the voice of Maria sobbing and sighing as if her heart would break.

The journey was made by easy stages, the King insisting upon a slow progress, that he might have opportunity of manifesting his deep affection for his new brother-in-law. On reaching the Escurial, Philip detained the whole company for several days, where he feasted them with every luxury that his vast wealth could furnish. At Campillo he constrained them to tarry again, that he might make amends for all his past neglect; and now the whole world was put under tribute, both land and sea, to provide entertainments for his royal guest. But the King would not leave them here. His sister, the beautiful Infanta, had given Charles a letter for the celebrated nun of Carrion, who had filled all lands with the fame of her beatitude and piety; and Philip had himself a strong desire to see that personage, and especially to witness the effect which her character might have upon the heart of the English Prince. Arriving at Segovia, where the nun's cell was, and perceiving a marked impression upon the mind of Charles, as he delivered the letter of Maria to the recluse in person, the young King felt a still deeper affection for his kinsman, and resolved not to part from him till he had seen him safe on ship. In nine or ten days after their departure from Madrid, they arrived at the little seaport of St. Andrew, where the English fleet was anchored; and now the time had come for the two youthful brothers-in-law to separate. It is said to have been an affecting ceremony, in spite of the known duplicity of Charles; for the ardor of Philip was genuine, his heart was warm and even passionate, and the very stiffness of his etiquette, yielding every now and then to his feelings, added much to the interest of the spectacle. "When the King and Charles parted," says Howell,

"there passed wonderful great endearments and embraces, in divers postures, between them a long time; and in that place there was a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity." And the Spanish historians, among whom Mendoza holds high rank, maintain, that the Prince acted his part to perfection, hugging the young King to his heart, weeping profusely, and showering his person, and character, and court, and reign, with myriads of blessings.

They parted. The Prince, with his white handkerchief to his eyes, probably to hide his laughter, walked quickly to the beach, and took seat in the skiff that was to bear him to the Admiral's ship. After a short pull, the mariners brought him along side; and Charles, not waiting to be hoisted on deck in the usual manner, commanded the sailors to let down a rope. Catching the line, he soon drew himself up, and, leaping on board, he burst into a prodigious laugh, at the same time exclaiming, "Now let Philip and the Donna Maria sob over me till their eyes are red!" Turning to Buckingham, as the Duke came up, Charles met him with another outbreak of merriment, and averred that he owed all the success and enjoyment of their late adventures to the masterly instruction and example of his companion. The Duke received the compliment with laughter, mingled with no little pride of feeling; for he had actually discovered great improvement, in this particular, in the conduct of his gratified disciple. The whole company of courtiers, catching the spirits of their masters, rejoiced, and laughed, and joked, as if it had been their trade to imitate the whims and dissimulation of their superiors. As they put to sea, the very crew took the passion of their betters; and, as they unfurled the flag of their country to the Spanish breezes, and saw those breezes hugging into the shoulder of their sails, they affirmed, with many a rough word, that "the red lips of the Donna had left no print, as they could see, on the fair cheek of Charles."

There was in the retinue of the adventurers one Archibald Armstrong, a celebrated court buffoon, the delight of the palace, and the favorite of the people. Archy was a stanch Protestant, and more than once had had the good fortune to overrule the Catholic inclinations of King James. Fool as he was by profession, he was no fool in fact; for, with a sagacity far beyond that of his party in England, he perceived that this Spanish match, so far from auguring any danger to the Protestants, would probably be the source of their relief. Charles, as the husband of a Spanish princess, would, on his coming to his impoverished crown, be swayed by the Spanish monarch, whose wealth was drawn from nearly every rich mine then discovered in the world. This Spanish influence in English politics would not fail to bring on a revolt of the English people; and, so soon as the Anglo-Saxons could be brought to this, not only the reign of the half-Popish Stuarts, but every thing Papal in the realm, would come to a speedy end. Such, at least, was the reasoning of Archibald; and he consequently sought his opportunity to do something, or say something, by which he could make some impression on the mind of Charles.

The opportunity at length arrived. The morning subsequent to the embarkation dawned clear and calm; and the entire day, till toward evening, remained equally serene. As the ship was making but little progress, it became necessary, according to immemorial custom, to invent some method of killing time; and, as there could

be no feasts, no racing, no tournament, or similar sport, according to immemorial custom, also, they agreed to go on deck and draw out their longest "yarns." But, no sooner were they fairly or unfairly seated, some on one thing and some on another, as they could find a bench, or a box, or a bunch of rope, a difficulty sprang up. Though they had arranged for each man to tell his story, no one would volunteer to begin; and when they undertook to settle the question by rank, a lively dispute arose respecting the superiority of the two chief personages of the group. Buckingham had insisted that he was excusable, having told his story—he urged this with a sly wink to Charles—at another time and place; but now he maintained that the Prince was his superior as being heir-apparent to the crown. Charles, on the other hand, argued that he was inferior in fact to the Duke, whatever might be his future hopes; for, as Prime Minister of the reigning King, Buckingham was actually King himself in every thing where the King's authority was not interposed. All this, though not very sound logic, would pass very well on board a ship; but it convinced no one but those most eager to listen, who expected to have but little or no opportunity to speak. As the contest was getting a little tedious, without bringing any thing to pass, a lucky thought hit some one at the nick of time. It was to call for Archy, and hear as long a story as he could tell. This was a popular suggestion; and the buffoon was called for by every voice.

"A story is it that you want?" said the sly-looking and witty Archibald, as some great courtier led him by the collar into the centre of the ring. "A story is it? And what genus of a story would your grave *Superissimusses* have me tell? It takes a prince, or a nobleman, to tell stories; a fool has nothing to do but to speak the honest truth."

This introductory sally raised the laugh against Buckingham and Charles; and Charles undertook the dangerous experiment of a retort.

"What sort of a story, Archy? Why, give us a history."

"Treason, gentlemen! The prince of Tories has become fond of *hiss-Tories*! I am no *hiss-Tory*, sir."

Another laugh at the expense of Charles, who, to cover up his ill-luck, immediately responds, "No, no, Archy; if you do not like history, give us one of your love stories."

"*Loves Tories!* Worse and worse, good gentlemen! Do we *hiss* those we *love*? The Prince has had his head turned, gentlemen, but [*aside*] not his *heart*!"

"What kind of a Tory are you, Archy, if not a *hiss-Tory*?" inquired Charles, fearing to do more than ask a question.

"Kind of a Tory? Why, sir, I am no kind of a Tory; in other words, a *no-Tory*, and that I intend to make more and more *no-tori-ous*!"

"Why, that's a fine conceit, Archy. *Notorious* in being a *no-Tory*."

"Nay, my Lord, *no-tori-ous* in my *no-Tory-ousness*. That's the conceit, sir, may it please your Loftiness."

"Marry, you are witty this morning, Archy."

"Marry, and you will be more witty than I fear, my Lord."

"Better and better, Archy. You are the very Prince of Punches."

"Yes, sir, and I'll sweat but I'll be the punch of Princes, unless they marry."

"But, Prince of wits, you are yourself unmarried. You must not preach what you do not practice."

"I will not, as soon as you will practice what you preach. And now, sir, I will give you a story."

The company now put themselves into their best attitudes for listening, anticipating no little fun from the fulfillment of Archy's promise; and Charles was gratified to escape thus easy from the shafts of his favorite comedian.

"My friend Frank," began the wit, leaning back at the same time against the mizzen-mast, "was born in F., was bred principally in W. V., sojourned a short time in G., commenced his education at C., graduated with high honors from the university of M., taught for years at K. H., took holy orders at H., and began his sacerdotal life at B. After a brilliant career in the pulpit, he accepted the head-mastership in our great school at E. G., was called thence to the metropolitan pulpit of B., there by the excess of labor lost his health, was at once summoned to a professorship at G. C., and from that high post was soon transferred to one of the most responsible and dignified positions in the gift of the Church. He remained long in that last position, wielding an immense weight of influence from the centre to the circumference of this our great country. That, gentlemen, is my first story. How do your good gravities like it?"

"Though short," said Charles, "it could hardly have proceeded farther, without jumping off the lower end of the King's alphabet; but I think the wit of it needs some spelling, to make it intelligible to country gentlemen."

"Well, then," replied the buffoon, "if that story is too deep for your *Penetrativenesses*, I will tell you another. My other friend's name, sweet maid, was Fanny. Her early history is somewhat uncertain. Her father and mother both died, while she was too young to appreciate her irreparable misfortune; but she learned to appreciate it afterward. A young gentleman first saw her in G., loved her in G., wooed her in G., gained her young heart in G., pledged his soul to her in G., parted with her in G., promised faithfully to come back to her and to marry her in G., but never did return to G., nor marry her in G., nor see her again anywhere, till he had been many years settled in life, and his heart had relented of its cruelty. That, your superlative lordships, is my second story. I beg it may give you superior satisfaction."

"It is something more *illiterate* than the other," retorted the Prince, "having but a single letter in the whole of it. However, it will all pass on shipboard, honest Archy, so you have had a care to keep within the alphabet."

"Well, then, master Charles, I have told you and these *court-ears* [courtiers] three stories; and now I will relate the fourth."

"No, no, Archy, you have told us but two. Don't outrun your reckoning, Archy."

"No, but Archy will run out his reckoning for you thus: for the first story we will say *one*; for the second, *two*; add two and one together, and you have *three*, my Lord, as I told you. But I shall now make these three into one. There's more divinity in my arithmetic, gentlemen, than you have studied in the universities."

They all agreed that that was very probable, and so encouraged Archy to proceed.

"With all this seeming coldness of disposition," said Archibald, "Frank's was a noble heart. In early life he was ambitious. His father was a man of station, of

wealth, of influence; and he reared his youngest son with great carefulness. He gave him early advantages for education; and devoted much of his own time and talents to his mental culture. The best masters in the land were always employed to give him instruction; the best books were always given him for reading and study; and he repaid all this outlay by a progress in knowledge, and in mental character, which secured the universal observation of his acquaintances.

"At an early age, Frank was left fatherless. His father, belonging to the rank of cavaliers, and moving freely in the highest circles, had contracted the habits of his order. Wit and wine soon became to him the necessaries of existence. Having neglected his affairs for several years, at his death they were so entangled, that it was impossible for his heirs to realize any thing from his property, without more litigation and expenditure than their means would warrant. After a long family consultation, all hope of the inheritance was abandoned; and our young hero was thrown upon the world without a guinea. But he had an ambition which poverty only stimulated; and he resolved to rise in spite of his misfortunes. He commenced his career in a back county; taught in a country school; with a few pieces in his pocket, thus earned, he went on foot to the seat of the Church Academy at C., to begin his studies on bread and water; there, rising to preferment before his academical course was completed, he worked his way to the university; and so, gentlemen hearers, my friend Frank pushed his passage upward to the highest honors.

"While at G. he fell heartily in love, as I have said, with the youthful, beautiful, amiable Fanny. She was the beauty, though not the belle, of all that country. Though an orphan, her education had not been neglected; her mind was of that order, which drew instruction from every leaf that fell at her feet, and from every passing circumstance; and her heart, her kind and gentle disposition, her modesty, mingled with the highest self-respect, her high aims and noble spirit, were the admiration and talk of all her neighborhood. As she was also dependent upon her own exertions, and an orphan, like her lover, she seemed to take a pride in emulating his high exertions. She also encouraged him to persevere by her own example. Providence smiled benignantly upon her efforts, raised her up friends to shelter and protect her, and gave her a home in the heart of every one that knew her. Anticipation, that angel artist, painted her so sweet a prospect, where she was to be united inseparably to the object of her heart's worship, go with him along the flowery paths of a bright future then dawning, and walk down in all outward quiet and tranquility to their final rest, that she only smiled upon the afflictions by which she was then embarrassed.

"It has been said by a classic poet, that Venus never becomes lustrous till Mercury has set; and it is equally true in science, that, when Mercury is in full brilliance, Venus is almost always in the shade. It was so, certainly, with my friend Frank. No sooner had he become immersed in deep and various study, than his young passion began to subside, until, at length, he was no longer in the list of lovers. He had the generosity to inform his friend of his change of feeling. He wrote her a brief letter, which she answered; and her answer gave him one deep thrust at the heart, the deeper for being perfectly uncomplaining, forgiving, kind, then all was over. He took his bed for an hour, on the receipt of her tender and touching letter, where he rolled in

agony and tears; but the next hour called him to his tasks; the arrow was soon extracted or broken off; and the wound of his young heart healed. In a few days he was as busy, as ambitious, as forgetful of his friend as ever.

"Years rolled on, bringing fortune and fame to the successful student, but adding bitter to bitter in the cup of the rejected Fanny. She toiled, but with no courage; she struggled, but for no end; the object of her life was gone, and existence was a torment. But she was a devoted Christian. She thought it unbecoming her to spend her days in fruitless repinings. Nobly did she bear up under her misfortune. Though, in her humble place, she had kept her eye continually upon the rising meteor, that once was the star to her own flowery pathway, she never called from Heaven one curse to light upon the head of her unfaithful lover. No, from the very bottom of her soul, such was the sincerity of her love, she begged of that Heaven to forgive him, and to crown all his days with blessings.

"Stifling the feelings of her unchanged heart, as well as she could, she at length mingled more and more in company; and, years afterward, receiving the offer of a promising young merchant's hand, who was then in a prosperous business, she gravely considered it her duty no longer to pine in wretchedness, when Providence had been so good as once more to smile upon her loneliness. She accepted the proposal of the merchant, and married him. Years rolled on again. The merchant, after a short run of prosperity, made a few mistakes in business, failed, became discouraged, and settled down in embarrassed circumstances.

"In the meantime her lover had loved again and married. His choice fell on a lady of good family, kind and affectionate in disposition, unwearied in her devotion to him, and well calculated to make him a useful and agreeable companion. A fine little family sprang up around him. Though Heaven took one or two of them, he left others equally promising—equally interesting. Years and years rolled on again. Frank and his wife, with their sweet children, enjoyed every thing that fame, fortune, and friends could bestow upon them. The husband, it is true, had had time to be cooled a little in the ardor of his ambition. He had looked about with a clear eye; and even turned, at length, his regards to days till then almost buried in oblivion. He thought over his young days—his days of orphanage and poverty—his days of struggle and embarrassment. It is not strange, that, even at so late a period, he should cast a single thought back, now and then, upon the once beautiful and lovely but lonely being, whom his own fault had left not less lovely but a thousand times more lonely than he had found her. It is not strange that he should think of those days, when her sweet smile was the light of heaven to him, and wander in imagination along the paths, in field and forest, where he had wandered with her in times over which Memory had long since thrown her mantle of pleasing melancholy. It is not strange that he should fall into the habit, as these reminiscences repeated themselves upon him, of getting as often as convenient by himself, of sitting at the pensive hour of sunset by his window, and of meditating on by-gone hours till the tears should steal down his cheeks unnoticed. It is not strange, however sincerely he may have loved his present partner, or however fondly he may have doted upon his children, that, in a moment of sorrowful regret at his past misconduct, he should resolve, if the thing

were found possible, to seek out the residence of that long-neglected but unforgotten angel—to look upon her face again—to ask and receive her pardon. Such a resolution, for a man of sober years, may seem almost too romantic for reality; but it is difficult to say, to what lengths of enthusiasm a naturally warm and generous heart will impel a man under extraordinary excitement.

"Whatever may be thought of it, my friend did leave his home, and family, and friends, at the soberest period of his life, in search of that long-forgotten one, whose place of abode, or condition in life, or whether she were living or dead, he could not tell. He first made his pilgrimage to G., where he had seen her for the first and for the last time, and where he had plighted his heart to her in other days. Finding the very spot where his young vows were made, he sat down upon it, and wrote a confession of his great fault in the following words: [And here the buffoon pulled a paper from his pocket, and began to read from it.]

"'G., October 12, 1618.

"'TO THE ABSENT.—Be not surprised that you receive a hasty scrawl from one once familiar with this place. Know that I am now sitting exactly where, many long years ago, I saw for the last time the dearest friend I then had on earth. It is the spot, too, where, less than a year before, two hearts were pledged to be for ever one heart, and where the seal of the covenant was impressed on soft and smiling lips. Has Death separated those hearts? No. Has he despoiled those honeyed lips? No. And yet there is something in it all that resembles death. It is worse than real death. A living torture is less tolerable than buried hopes. And who was the destroyer? He who now writes this disavowal of himself. For years it has been the intention, whenever Providence should so order, of him now addressing you, to visit this place, to seek out the very spot where the star of a bright future first arose upon him, and there solemnly to renounce the unnatural act, by which that star was paled for ever. Here, therefore, I sit, just where I once did—but where is *she* who sat beside me? From me, O, must I say it? she is gone for ever! The place that knew her knows her no longer. The heart then beating in her, beats not as it did, but must ever carry a poisoned arrow. What, now, can that unthinking hand, which threw the shaft, do in atonement, but, in this consecrated place, to set down, in plain though self-torturing terms, an unqualified disavowal, renunciation, and burning condemnation of the only really unfaithful act of a much checkered life? Here then, on the very spot where my early vow was made, in the very position and sitting posture I then took, with the very same hand then pledging my heart to the one so injured, I write out this recantation of my after self—this testimony of my unchanged soul—this first and only revelation of a long-buried but still living sorrow. Keep this, my early friend—friend of my early days—in memory of an honor and an honesty that never swerved but once, and that now so freely inflicts this painful penalty on itself. O, that repentance could restore as readily as it may regret! O, that the tears this day shed, on the memory of the past, could bring that past again, and make it once more our present! O, that my voice, my speech, my words, uttered as I wander over once familiar scenes—the orchard, the winding brook, the hillside where the trees once grew—could call back the light-hearted, pure, and radiant one, whose pierced heart unconsciously lies buried in my heart of hearts! O, that

I could pluck the arrow from *that* heart, and with it, as I deserve, doubly transfix my own! O, could I get forgiveness, pronounced by the same lips that once sealed her affection on to mine, I could go on through the remainder of life with an easier load, hoping and asking only, that, should I first die, the tears of that forgiving love might drop upon my ashes, and tell me thus that we should not be disunited in the better world!

"'I can write no more. Farewell.

"'Your long-forgotten

FRANK.'

"This lengthy epistle seemed short to the writer of it, as he wished to pour through it the feelings of many painful years. Laying it carefully into his portfolio, for he knew not where to send it, he started upon his pilgrimage again. After wandering far and wide, everywhere making diligent search for his early friend, inquiring of every aged man and matron in the land, he at last obtained some tidings. It is impossible to follow him through all his windings, or to portray the rising ardor of his emotions, as he approached the hamlet where the object of his search resided. Suffice it to say, that he found the spot; that he inquired out the dwelling; that he walked twenty times past it without the resolution to seek an entrance; that, for an hour or more, he felt as if his breaking heart would compel him to leave the place without seeing her; that, when he rapped at the door, his very knees smote together; and that, in answer to his call, not the servant, not the obliging husband, but the lady of the house herself came to give the stranger welcome—when, lo! the moment their eyes met, a sudden recognition flashed from countenance to countenance, the lady turned pale as death, and the traveler was speechless from agitation. Time passed. Several interviews were held. The days of memory were talked over. Tears of contrition and regret were shed. Repentance and forgiveness were exchanged. The treachery was buried. Friendships were revived. Conversation was again pleasant. The wrecks of youthful joys were welcomed. Twenty-four hours had not passed, before a deep work was done in those hearts which had loved too truly to make this dalliance with impunity. Time passed. The traveler's hour arrived. He must return to his home again. Dropping the foregoing letter into the hands of his friend, he passed her threshold with a heart full of indescribable emotions. As his last request, he begged her to commit to his address some written memorial of her forgiveness, which he wished to preserve as ocular proof of her generosity. She would not promise him. They parted, he to return in sorrow, she to weep in secret, but both with an arrow in their hearts, which no hand was able to extract ever afterward. On reaching home, he took from the post the following epistle, which, it seems, had anticipated his coming: [Here the wit pulled another scrap of paper from his pocket.]

"'B., December 9, 1618.

"'MY FRIEND—my never-forgotten friend, though we have been long and widely separated. We were severed—*why* I need not tell you. The past, my friend, has been long forgiven, as I hope to be forgiven by my Father in heaven. I have been thinking of late of other days, of scenes long since passed, when "life with us was young." I was then almost an isolated being. They who would have shielded me from sorrow had long been in the grave. I was lonely. Much I wished for something to cheer me, when you, Frank, came like a sunbeam across my hitherto dark pathway. You were

then the light of life to me—the star I worshiped; and I forgot my grief. But soon, too soon, I found that my “heart’s wealth had been poured on dust”—that the words of him whom my young heart trusted, were lighter than the summer wind! They told me you loved another—that she had friends, and wealth, and station, while I had nothing but my heart to give. I never blamed you. Your choice, I knew, was natural—was best for you; and, besides, how could I impute blame to *one so dear?* They told me you were married—that fortune smiled; and the thought that you were happy was my only solace. It is known only to Him, who seeth in secret, how long I wept and prayed to forget *one* whom I had loved so vainly. But this with the past. Years have sped away. Time has laid his finger on my brow, yet could not change this heart. And you have been here—you, whom I had so long wished to meet. But I found you only to give you up again! We met only to part for ever! No, it may not be for ever; for shall we not “o’ersweep the grave” to meet where we shall be sundered no more? This letter, I know, will be unlooked for. When I saw you last, I little thought it would ever be written; but why should I deprive myself of *this* the *only* solace that is left me? I have said much, perhaps, that were better unsaid; but, my friend, you know this letter is intended for no eye but yours. Your picture was welcome, although that image was early engraven on my soul; and, as I look upon it, how oft I wish “those lips had language!” So, my early friend, if we meet not again, farewell.

“FANNY.”

“Who will not say,” continued Archy, holding the two papers out before him, in the manner of a disclaimer—“who will not say, great gentlemen, that my two friends were greatly to be pitied? The one, in spite of his early and only fault, in spite of his fame and fortune, in spite of his subsequent marriage to another, discovered, after many years of forgetfulness, that his first love was the stronger—that the shaft that first pierced his heart had been broken off, not extracted—that the wound, opened afresh, must now continue to rankle in that heart for ever! The other, who ‘had so long wept and prayed to forget’ her only friend, had found it impossible to forget him—had ‘so long wished to meet him’—had, with an undying fondness, cherished the thought, that they should ‘o’ersweep the grave,’ and unite again in the world of immortality! This had an affection which ambition itself could not wither—that a love, which injuries had failed to stifle—both an attachment, which time, and distance, and separation had only ripened! But they were each submissive to the dictates of Christian principle. Not the shadow of an improper license, by virtue of their early friendship, passed between them. Not a word must be uttered, not a sentence written, unless these letters are to be excepted, which could wound the feelings of others interested. The two papers above quoted closed even their correspondence up for ever. Their griefs were deep heart-griefs; and they preyed upon their grieved hearts deeply. The world was no longer bright to either of them. Autumn after autumn scattered its seared leaves upon their desolate pathways. Winter after winter drifted the bleak snows around their cheerless dwellings. Spring after spring revived and bloomed, bringing in the song of birds, the music of the waters, and the boon pledges of bright summer; but no flower, no laughing rivulet, no bud of promise, brought light to

their eyes, or health to their cheeks, or relief to their unwasting sorrows. A wearing melancholy settled on them. They mourned, and pined, and drooped, in the very bosoms of their homes, while no one could tell the cause of their decay. Years came and fled, but left them no consolations. Life was gay around them, their own children laughed and were merry in their presence, but not a ray of comfort reached them; or, if they had a glimmer of hope, it came from the silent tomb, to which they now both looked as their place of meeting. To that tomb they each went down prematurely. They died—as they had lived—*broken-hearted*.

“That is my story, gentlemen, my last story,” said Archibald, looking round upon his auditors, all of whom were mute with interest, while a single tear was creeping down the flushed face of Charles, who keenly felt the significance of what he had been hearing—“that is my story, gentlemen; and now be so kind as to listen to the moral of it. It teaches you”—his finger is now pointed, spear-like, to the breast of Charles—“never to play and tamper with the thing called love—that it is dangerous to do so—that the ghost of a once living and murdered vow will not fail, some day, to rise up from its place of burial to haunt the murderer, and to bring down his head to his own last resting-place in sorrow! Remember—remember—remember!”

The buffoon, having fulfilled his task, vanished from the company. He left them lost in oppressive and silent meditation. Charles was cut to the quick. The courtiers could say nothing. One after another, they rose up and departed, till the deck was cleared. Their rising was opportune. A cloud was towering in the west. It rolled up blacker and blacker every moment. Soon it burst upon them in great fury. The wind blew a tempest. The waves rolled in mountains. The ships tossed like feathers upon the raging billows. The sun was blotted from the firmament. The beating of the breakers, the dashing of the spray, and the roar of the winds, were terrible. All on board looked for nothing but watery graves; but, at length, when the fury of the gale was spent, the clouds broke away, the sky appeared in spots, the sun shone benignly through, and the fleet, having passed all its dangers, anchored in safety at the nearest British port.\*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INVALID.

The Duchess had been carried from the place of torture to an inner apartment of the palace. Her room was in the rear wing of the royal dwelling, where every thing was most silent, and from which an occupant looked out upon the King’s garden. A fever had followed the agonies of the “question,” and for a long time there was but little hope of her recovery. Her nervous system was so shattered, that she could not endure the smallest noise. A step on the stair-case, a creak of the door, the fall of any thing, however light, even the tones of the human voice, caused her great misery. The light of heaven, too, had to be excluded. The curtains were all drawn; the stairs, and doors, and every thing opening and shutting, were all muffled; and those who attended upon her were forbidden to speak above the lowest and softest whisper.

Richelieu expected she would die. This expectation

\* I have done little more, in this chapter, than to copy out the original documents precisely as I found them.

gave him great uneasiness. He knew that her death would be charged on him. A strong party might thus be raised against him. Of that party Anne of Austria, the very woman he wished to humble, would be the virtual head. The King, a weak, fickle being, rather than confront so much opposition, might consent to dismiss or even disgrace his Minister. Besides, if the Duchess died, her evidence would die with her, and so his great plan would be surely frustrated. If she lived, he might possibly hit upon some method, as yet unthought of, of getting from her the secret.

"Nay," said the Cardinal to himself, as he was walking his room on the very evening after the temptation of the Duchess, "every thing must be done to save her. I will send her the best nurses and the best physicians in the kingdom. While they are healing her body, they shall be charged to watch the motions of her spirit. If any delirium succeeds this torture, as is common, she may let out her knowledge to her attendants, who will keep it safely for my benefit. Thus, she may yet contribute to the destruction of the Queen, in spite of her own singular fidelity. The Queen shall have free access to her; but her words shall be recorded; her private interviews with her friend shall be listened to and reported; the whole scheme shall yet flourish; Anne shall fall, and Richelieu shall be thanked by the King for his love, and rewarded for his diligence."

Richelieu was right. There was great sympathy among the people for the sufferings of the Duchess. The circumstances of her temptation, much exaggerated of course, had got wind. A party was forming, not in her favor only, but in favor of her royal mistress. It was now necessary for the enemies of the Queen to proceed with more caution. Still, the Queen well knew, that the affections of such a populace as then filled Paris were no great reliance. She must herself act with prudence. She was too innocent at heart, however, too childlike in her disposition, too confiding in the general honesty of mankind, too trustful of an overruling Providence, which, she thought, stood pledged for the succor and protection of the unoffending, to bind herself to any base servility of behavior. She resolved to conduct herself with her usual propriety and freedom; to perform every duty pertaining to her station with alacrity and pleasure; but to make no concessions to her enemies by seeming to notice their machinations, or organizing any opposition to the schemes dictated by their displeasure. Truth and innocence, she thought, would at length prevail; if they did not, she was willing to fall with them.

Every morning, regularly, the Cardinal presented himself at the door of the sick chamber, to inquire after the health of the Duchess. The answers given him were various. At one time, she had been worse; then, a little better; next, considerably worse again. During all the time, or nearly all of it, she had been delirious. Her attendants, of course, she could not recognize, as they were strangers to her; but she was equally insensible of the presence and attention of her dearest friends.

All were attentive, but only one was kind to her. That one had been with her from the beginning, flying to her with quick affection the moment her condition had been reported. By night and by day that friend had watched over her. Foregoing all sleep and rest, assuming the entire responsibility of the sick room, and devoting her whole soul to this one business, she had bent over the bedside of the suffering patient with tireless vigilance. Others performed their services from pro-

fessional principle; she from the impulses of her nature. They were punctiliously exact in the just division of their duties, in times, and seasons, and sacrifices; she was punctilious in nothing, but to concentrate her whole time, and strength, and energies into one individual sacrifice to the poor sufferer. They watched by turns, each relieving the other with due promptitude. She watched at all hours, catching little scraps of sleep only as she sat by the sick couch, ready for the first call upon her services. It is true, this unusual toil and care wore upon her health, wasted her frame, blanched her cheeks, bedimmed her bright eyes, and made sad inroads upon her constitution; but she was the only person who seemed to be entirely unconscious, or regardless, of the great hazard she was running. No hint was appreciated, no suggestion was taken, no entreaty was heeded, no authority was regarded by her, who seemed bent on pouring out her life upon the altar of her affection. Does the reader ask, who this sleepless, tireless, selfless being is, who, like a ministering spirit from the other world, hangs and hovers around this bed of suffering? Certainly, he must know already. It could be no other than that constant, true, and grateful friend, for whom the Duchess had just periled every thing.

Very early one morning, when all was quiet in the palace, and the watchers were asleep, the patient made a heavy groan, struggled, and awoke. She had been disturbed by some dream or vision. Anne of Austria, who had been catching a moment's slumber by laying her wearied head upon the bedside, roused up and bent over the pillow of the Duchess. At the first glance it was evident that the poor woman was delirious. Her eyes seemed much larger than commonly; and, with a glassy expression, they rolled round the apartment with a peculiar restlessness.

"See! see! there he comes! It is he! I know him by his soft look, his pleasant, smiling face, a villain's mask! Stay, villain, stay! Approach me not! O, he is coming! See him where he comes! Touch me not—touch me not—away, foul fiend! Will you smile, and smile, and smile upon me? Thy frowns are smiles, thy smiles are frowns most terrible! I know thee, spirit! Thou comest to torture me! Keep him off—keep him off—he will, he will, he will torture me! I see his face all smiling! That signifies he is about to torture me! O, keep him, keep him off! Ay, look you, here is his minister by my very pillow! See! is it not a woman? Nay, it is a woman. I see her woman's face, her woman's eyes, her woman's hair, and her woman's—O, avaunt! come not, Decker, in the shape of woman! It is Decker turned to a pestilent woman! Ah! how lean her countenance! how haggard her look! how worn her spirit! Her works of horror have taken the flesh from her bones, the color from her face, the brightness from her eyes, and covered her all up in foul wrinkles! See! she weeps! Does Decker weep? Come here, Decker, and let me feel of your eyes, and see if they are hot enough to boil a tear, that shall scald the one it falls on! Nay, good Decker, do not weep so much. Your tears will drown your eyes, and put their fire out! How strange is every thing! One smiles, and the other weeps; and whether to weep or to smile augurs more mischief, I know not! Say, did you not question me? Avaunt, villain! Nay, come now and torture me; for she is dead, and buried, and gone to heaven. I just now saw her in heaven. She is far beyond the Cardinal's deep malice! She is safe, safe, O, safe in heaven!"

Now come and question me, Decker! Come, Richelieu, put me to the torture! Strain the instrument! Turn it over, once, twice; again, once more; there! Blessed be God! my shoulders will soon yield! They are now cracking! I feel my blood bursting through every artery! My heart, O, thank Heaven, my heart breaks, and the pent-up life within it spreads and dissipates! I faint! I die! Ah, sir, with the secret locked within my soul, where mortal instruments cannot reach it, I die! I carry it to her who gave it to me! I die, Decker, I die—am dying—O, I am now, sweet spirit, virtuous, meek, loving mistress, gentle Anne, coming to thee! Decker, friend, demon, since I have no friend living, lay me out, for, taking the advantage of a moment, I am dead. I die with the secret in me, sir, which none but my faithful Queen, now in heaven, shall have! These are my last words, Decker; so do your work! O me, me!"

The distracted woman had, by this time, so spent her strength, that she might well imagine herself to be dying. She sank back upon her pillow, closed her eyes, and fell into a fitful slumber, while small drops of perspiration, cold as death, started from her forehead, but which the heat of her face soon dried up again. Anne stood over her, weeping as she had from the beginning of this fit of madness, and wiping the face of her patient with the carefulness of affection. She wept to think that her friend would probably die without coming to her reason; that she herself would never have the high pleasure of declaring to her servant the gratitude she felt for her wonderful fidelity; that, even now, while standing apart from all the world, repulsed by her own household, the only friend she had was able no longer to commune with her, but actually mistook her for one of the wicked beings, who had put her to the torture. This was too much for her gentle, loving, broken spirit. She stood and wiped the brow of the sleeping Duchess, then fanned her heated temples, but all the time shedding tears of heart-felt sorrow. Bending down to wet her parched lips with the dripping pulp of a sweet orange, she discovered the signs of a change going on in the countenance of the Duchess. The very violence of her madness was working a reaction. The face was becoming more calm; the lines in the forehead, and the knitting of the brow, were getting smoother; and the ever-restless eyeballs, almost visible through their thin covering, were gradually settling into the steadiness and repose of reason. Slowly she fell into a soft, sweet slumber. It was the first natural sleep she had taken since the commencement of her sickness.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Queen, looking her gratitude through her tears, like a gleam of sunshine through a shower—"thank Heaven, this is a blessed token. The Duchess, my faithful, my only friend, may survive!" She could say no more. Overcome by her emotions, by her thankfulness and hope, after so much anxiety, and watchfulness, and fear, at the time when most persons make their appearance in a sick chamber, the Queen retired to an adjoining apartment, which opened from the patient's room, to be grateful, to weep, and to pray in silence.

An hour or more, it may be, passed without bringing any recordable occurrence. The Duchess slept on quietly and sweetly. The nurses had risen from their stupid sleep, and were putting the sick room in proper order. The Cardinal, who had always been very punctual to his time of calling, had not yet made his morning's visit. It was now getting late; and the attendants

were about resigning all hope of seeing him that day, or of getting his customary largess. But their hopes soon revived again. They heard footsteps on the stairway. More than one individual, however, was coming; for the steps were of several persons. It was perceived, too, that they approached more slowly and deliberately than was the Cardinal's custom; but, in a moment more, the same light rap, with which they were so familiar, announced the presence of their benefactor. The Cardinal entered, followed by the King and queen-mother, who had come by appointment, to take their last look of the failing Duchess. On the night previous, the report had spread through the palace, that, worn out with her fever, aggravated by the worst form of delirium, she was rapidly declining; and it was no longer possible for His Majesty, or his mother, to maintain their indifference, without giving umbrage to their opponents.

Louis and Mary approached the bedside, and looked down upon the sleeping Duchess. Richelieu had taken a seat at a little distance. Neither of the party knew that Anne was in the next room, within hearing of their voices, with the dividing door standing a quarter open.

"She is very low," said Louis to his mother.

"She is very feeble," replied Mary.

"In spite of the rack she has suffered, she is yet very beautiful. I wonder if any bones were broken."

"Not in the least, Sire," said Richelieu, starting hastily from his seat—"not in the least, Sire. You do not think, I trust, that we would put her to such extremities. She was treated very cautiously; but then I must add, that the Duchess has rather a stubborn resolution, and an affection for your royal Queen which actually surprised us."

"No doubt you may say she is very stubborn, Mr. Cardinal," rejoined the queen-mother with great bitterness. "She has been under proper tutorage to make one stubborn. That fair brow of hers has an iron will beneath it; but she who gives law to her resolution, by precept and example, has doubtless strained her point in this instance. This woman will repent a friendship that costs her such trials; and you may expect, Louis, and you, Mr. Cardinal, that when she awakes to reason, if she ever wakes again, her first words will regret so perilous an attachment. Mark me, you will find it so."

"That would well suit our purposes," said Richelieu, "and work the end we aim at; but I fear me, madam, you underrate her obstinacy. I know of nothing bright that has not been promised, of nothing dark and terrible that has not been threatened, her."

"But these she saw only in promise and in threatening. She hoped, perchance, to get the one, or escape the other, without submitting to what seemed to her unnecessary. Now, having had experience of our sincerity, she will be inclined to greater carefulness. I tell you, Mr. Cardinal, this bed of suffering will be a cooler to her affection!"

"I will trust so," replied the Cardinal, not wishing to risk his reputation for sagacity on a question of so much uncertainty; and the King, as usual, agreed with his Minister in opinion. Mary was beginning to make some cutting allusion to the Queen, when Louis, without recognizing what she was about to say, interposed and stopped her.

"Hush, good mother," said the King; "the Duchess is waking! Let us stand here in silence, and see whether she will know us. They say she has known no one in all her sickness. If she does distinguish our features

from those of her attendants, it will be a sign of her recovery."

The Duchess did not wake directly; but it was evident that she was gradually, though very slowly, rousing, like a drowsy morning sleeper, whom the previous day or night had overtired, who makes many unsuccessful attempts to get his senses before they will fully come to him. The certainty of her awaking, however, had become so great, and the probability of her returning sanity so considerable, and the hope of her repentance, of her submission, of her willingness to reveal her too well-kept secret so plausible, that Richelieu sent in great haste for a notary to come and take down her words in writing. The notary arrived in a few minutes. The Cardinal gave him a chair and a table at the foot of the bed behind the curtains. Pens, ink, and paper were before the writer. All things were ready for any revelation which the repentant woman might make to them.

Richelieu had taken his seat beside the secretary, to prompt his hearing or recollection; but the King and queen-mother remained standing by the bedside. The Duchess began to breathe more lightly. The long inspirations had become shorter, and seemed to be passing from under the control of careless instinct to that of consciousness. The lines in the face twitched slightly. Her eyelids trembled, as if the will was taking possession of the muscles that govern them. In a moment more, those lids calmly and slowly opened. The poor, pallid, but beautiful Duchess was awake; and it was evident enough that she had her reason.

"You are very sick, madam," said the King, looking down with real interest, but not having enough delicacy of sense to know, that that was an improper remark to be made to a sick person.

"Yes, Sire, I am very sick," replied the Duchess, in an accent just audible to the notary; but the scribe had her words in writing as soon as they were fairly uttered.

"You have been a long time sick, madam."

"Have I? I was not aware of that."

"True enough, they tell me you have not been at all times conscious of your situation. But you have been sick for several weeks; and we now are hoping for your recovery."

"May it please your Majesty, I hope not. I have nothing more to live for; and I wait only for the day of my departure."

"Nay, madam, you have much to live for. The world is a goodly mansion, and has many comforts in it. This royal house, too, is at your service; and you know the conditions of the property are very simple. We are all eager to load you with royal blessings."

"May it not displease you, Sire, but let me now die with or without a blessing. A palace is a toy, a cheat, without a friend in it!"

"We are all your friends, good madam."

"May the good Lord then bless my enemies!"

"But where would you go?" interposed Mary, with her accustomed bitterness.

"To heaven," replied the Duchess, looking round upon the queen-mother, whom she had not till then discovered.

"To heaven! Have you friends in heaven, madam?"

"I have one friend in heaven. May I soon behold her!"

"Her! Is your friend, your only friend, a lady?"

"She is—nay, she *was*, a lady—a pure, spotless, immaculate, innocent, but persecuted lady. She is now a

spirit—a sweet spirit—a seraph in the choir of heaven! O, let me die and see her! I never did, I never will, for glory or for gold, betray her! No—no—no—never! You, Sire, and you, queen-mother, I freely pardon. Were the Cardinal here, I would as freely grant him my forgiveness. But I cannot love you. You have suspected, pursued, murdered, a generous Queen, a virtuous wife, and a noble woman! Let me go and join her!"

At these last words all were struck with new astonishment. The Duchess, they saw at once, had been referring to Anne in her reproaches. She evidently considered the Queen to be dead. This was strong proof, almost a demonstration, that, in spite of her calm appearance, she was yet delirious. The queen-mother, cruel woman, was bad enough to taunt her:

"Yes, lady, you had better die. Your mistress is no doubt dead enough; and you had better go and find her!"

"Ah, madam, show me the quickest path that innocence can walk in, and I go instantly! Come, Richelieu, come, Decker, put me to the question now, wrench my shoulders, twist the wheel, till my veins swell again, and my heart bursts, and my broken body lets out the life that struggles for its freedom! O, good friends, as you say you are, let me die, that I may go and see her!"

The King was amazed. He had the penetration to perceive, that much of this ardor was the effect of physical weakness; some of it he attributed to her sex; but there was enough left, he thought, to prove an unparalleled amount of sound and unshaken friendship. The sight of his eyes made a deep impression on him. He checked his mother, and inquired of the Duchess if the Queen had not visited her.

"Visited me! How can a heavenly spirit appear to a living mortal? She has not been here during my sickness. I have seen none here but Richelieu and Decker. They have been here constantly. They drove me mad, sir, and I shall be mad again if I see them."

Louis, not quite satisfied with the testimony of so incompetent a witness, for the first time thought to ask of the attendants whether his wife had ever waited upon the Duchess.

"Waited upon her? Waited upon her ever? Why, Sire, she has never been from this room, or from this bedside, but once since the sickness of the Duchess. She has bent over her day and night. She has taken our toil from us. She eats not, nor drinks, nor sleeps, but wastes her life upon this lady. She is not far away, I will warrant you, this moment."

The King looked about him. The queen-mother turned her eyes round the room. Richelieu and the notary instinctively and very foolishly turned up the curtains. The Duchess herself, who had listened to this disclosure with rapt attention, marshaled her strength and rose upon her elbow. But the nurse proceeded to the next apartment, and soon appeared with the emaciated Queen, to whom concealment was no longer possible. Springing to the bed, Anne clasped the Duchess in her arms, and, as if taking advantage of her first lucid interval, she thanked her for her affection a thousand times in a single minute, shedding tears of gratitude upon her face and bosom. The Duchess, winding her arms about the neck of her royal mistress, sank back upon her pillow, exclaiming, in a feeble but happy voice, "O, now I will not die—I will live—for this is heaven!" *More anon.*

## THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

At the date of this writing, July 2d, the world's affairs are in a very interesting and critical condition. The centre of the crisis, as it has been for three centuries, is France. That country is so geographically situated, so historically and diplomatically involved with other countries, that she cannot move without agitating surrounding nations.

On this side of the Atlantic the cholera and gold-digging are the leading topics. Business, where it is not interrupted by sickness, is good and profitable; money is plenty and easy; and specie, instead of leaving the country, is constantly flowing into it. The chief business at the seat of government is the settling of the claims of American citizens against the government of Mexico. This promises to be a strange affair. Something more than three millions of dollars were appropriated by the last Congress for the liquidation of these claims; but, since the appointment of the commission, more than twelve millions, it is said, have been presented by our citizens. Still, whatever those claims may amount to, they can never surpass the stores of wealth discovered in the sands and hills of California. All former accounts of the vast quantities of gold in the western mines are fully confirmed by the latest and most reliable authorities.

The cholera, that scourge of nations, is slowly but fearfully progressing. It does not pursue the same laws as on its former visit. Then it advanced by regular stages from east to west; and its commencement in a town or city west of a previous locality was the signal of its decline at that eastern point. Now, however, while it is beginning its horrors in this country, it is still raging in Paris and in London. Nor did it begin at New York, or Boston, and march westwardly as before; but they have it in New Orleans before its appearance as an epidemic in the eastern cities. St. Louis receives it before Cincinnati; and, at this moment, when it has done terrible havoc with our population, it seems to be just laying its hand on the inhabitants of Philadelphia, New York, and other eastern cities. Its stay, too, at each point of attack, is more protracted than when here before. In 1832, its average continuance in a locality may be set down, we think, taking large and small towns together, at about four weeks. Now, however, the average bids fair to be three or four times that period. It remained in New Orleans about two months as an epidemic. It has been in St. Louis not far from four, and is still unabated. In Cincinnati it arrived in January, broke out with violence the last of April, and at the beginning of July seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. It will probably diffuse itself over the whole country before autumn.

France, according to her custom, has notified Russia not to meddle with the concerns of Germany. In this she is seconded by Great Britain. Her interference in the affairs of Rome promises much trouble to herself and uneasiness to other nations. Austria fears French ascendancy in the Italian states. France refuses Naples and Spain the privilege of uniting for the restoration of the Pope. The Pope remains at Gaeta, vexing himself with the question whether the Virgin was immaculately conceived, and being vexed with the resistance of his subjects under the command of the triumvirate. There is just now, however, a report, that the Romans have risen upon the government of the triumvirate, and shown signs of returning favor to the deposed Pontiff. There is likely to be, at no distant day, a reaction in Italy in favor of His Holiness; and when that comes to a crisis, there will be blood spilt. The French are besieging the Eternal City, and doing every thing for the Pope and Popery. What now will our Americans say, who, carried away by their hatred to England, shouted so warmly for Napoleon and the republic? Before the election of Napoleon, we declared our confidence in the non-interference policy of Gen. Cavaignac. We asserted that the object of Napoleon would be personal and national aggrandizement, to the disturbance of the peace of Europe. That assertion has since become history. There is no leading country of Europe in whose affairs he has not already meddled; and he is now believed, by a rapidly-growing portion of his former friends and supporters, to be seeking the crown and power of royalty. It is a matter of personal pride with him to win back to himself

and family what his uncle Napoleon lost. This will be the grand characteristic of his policy, till he either restores the empire, or is banished by another republican revolution. For ourselves, we have not, and we never have had, the slightest confidence in his private or public character. We believe he is a shallow, rash, vain, empty demagogue, without talent enough to be a good constable, and without the virtues of the better class of villains. In common parlance, Louis Napoleon is, and for his whole life has been, what in this country is called a *rowdy*; and yet, barely for his name, he has been put at the head of the most important government in Europe!

There has already been a slight insurrection in Paris against the reigning government; and disturbances of a similar character are hourly expected in the most important cities of the republic. The Legion of Artillery of the National Guards has been discharged, and partially disarmed, as they were supposed to be unfavorable to the President. Ledru Rollin was recently arrested while on his way to Lyons. The eyes of the government are fastened on all the leaders of this wing of the old republican party; and nearly all the recent promotions are from the ranks of those who come nearest to being monarchists. Napoleon and monarchy will be the next watchword in Paris!

The Schleswig war continues. The Frankfort Parliament has adjourned to Stuttgart. It has taken under its protection those districts which have risen in proclamation of a republic; but, as we guessed in our February number, they have found the work of founding a great German nationality an impossibility, and have settled down on the purpose of erecting a small republic out of four or five provinces the most favorable to their policy.

Russia is still arming her frontier, and sending troops down to watch the movements of the Turks. We know not what to make of the reported insurrection of the nobles of the Czar's imperial council. It would seem very improbable that those men could be so rash as to oppose, as obstinately as they are said to have done, the propositions of the Emperor; nor was the world prepared to expect such a republican demonstration in that most tyrannical of all modern nations. But we shall look with growing interest for each successive steamer from the other side of the Atlantic.

The literary world is full of activity. We have not space here to do it justice. Our readers will learn with pleasure that Dr. Dixon, late English representative to the General conference in this country, has published a work on Methodism in America. It will be issued, we are informed by Dr. M'Clin-tock, at the New York Book-Room immediately on its appearance. Our friend and fellow-citizen, Rev. W. P. Strickland, has also just put to press his History of the American Bible Society. We have several books in press at the Book Concern in Cincinnati of rare interest. They will be announced in due season.

The chief trait in the literary operations of this country is the mania for the republication of old works. The old English writers are particularly fortunate in our times. Many of them, after having slumbered for one or two centuries on the dusty shelves of our large libraries, are now coming out, not in the sober garb in which we have been wont to see them, but in all the finery of modern taste.

The facts of interest in religious matters, just at this moment, are few. Gov. Roberts, of Liberia, it seems, has had great success in gathering funds in Great Britain. Our last missionaries to California have not yet reached their points of labor. One of our missionaries to China is returning. Rev. Mr. Jacoby has been appointed our first missionary to Germany; but we fear this is a very unpropitious time for commencing the evangelization of that country. By locating himself at Bremen, however, he may do a work with the German emigrants, in preparing them rightly to appreciate the religious institutions of America; but Germany is too disturbed by political troubles to admit of much being done, just now, for her religious amelioration.

The President of the United States has been recently engaged in selecting and appointing his ministers and other functionaries to foreign countries.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**A HISTORY OF THE VAUDOIS CHURCH FROM ITS ORIGIN, AND OF THE VAUDOIS OF PIEDMONT TO THE PRESENT DAY.** By *Antoine Monastier*. Translated from the French. *Lane & Scott, New York. Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati.* 1849.—Christianity, as delivered to the world by its great Author, was pure and perfect; but, like all the gifts of God, it was committed to earthen vessels. The Church, from its very origin, began to go astray. The Church of Jerusalem, it seems from the Acts of the Apostles, began to favor Jewish customs from its commencement. St. Paul, in every one of his epistles, has something to say of the corruptions or misapprehensions of the Christian doctrine among the communities founded by his own labors. St. John, in the wonderful book of Revelation, pours out the threatenings of God on the seven heretical bishoprics of Asia. After the death of the apostles, with whom inspiration ceased, and whose authority and influence have never been replaced, the Church declined more and more from the absolute purity of the original standard; but so long as it continued to be the object of persecution, no man would enter it with mercenary motives; and, hence, the corruptions of the first few centuries of its existence were the offspring of ignorance, of superstition, of unwise compliance to the opinions of mankind, rather than of wickedness. In a little more than two centuries from the death of the last of these apostolic men, the Emperor of Rome himself professed conversion, and united with the hitherto persecuted Church of Jesus. Christianity, of course, immediately became the religion of the state; but the state, that is, the Roman empire, was even then nearly commensurate with the bounds of the civilized world. Though an avowed convert, it was not considered to be good policy by Constantine, the Emperor referred to, needlessly to wound the prejudices of his Pagan subjects; and he thought, too, that a certain degree of concession to the discarded religion could be made, not only without detriment, but with advantage, to the faith inculcated by revelation. Retaining the simplicity of *doctrine*, he saw no danger in aggrandizing, to any extent, the mere *ritual* of the Christian system; and thus, when the representative of Jesus first entered the magnificent precincts of St. Sophia, he was commanded to preach Christ and him crucified, but to make as little deviation as possible from the august ceremonies of that old temple. By thus putting the *substance* of Christianity into the *form* of Paganism, the politic Emperor expected to succeed the more readily in recommending the new religion to his subjects. He was not mistaken. The many, in all countries and at all times, see nothing but the *form* in any sort of worship; and thus, satisfied with the visible, and knowing or caring little about the invisible, the mass of the population crowded the altars of Jesus, as they had those of Jupiter. At Rome, in fact, the statue of Jupiter became that of St. Peter; and it now stands there, a lasting monument of this union between Christianity and Paganism in the foundation of the Church Catholic. The work of corruption now went forward at a rapid pace. The court of Constantine prudently followed the example of the sovereign. Philosophers and statesmen, scholars and gentlemen, vied with each other in showing their good sense by the same concession to imperial wisdom. The very priests of the rejected gods, stripped of their employment, and deserted by their friends and families, soon made loud professions of conversion, and often took their places, as Christian ministers, at the very altars where they had formerly burnt incense to the deities of Olympus. These priests, and the philosophers who had filled their heads with the lore of Zoroaster, of Pythagoras, of Plato, and of Aristotle, soon adorned the simplicity of the *doctrines* of Christ with the gorgeous dreams of Soofeism, of Gnosticism, and of Greek rationalism. The work was now about complete. The *substance* had put on a grandeur corresponding to the magnificence of the *form*. The soul, as usual with souls, based its life on the powers and organism of the body. The body, with the Roman bishop for its head, degenerated more and more as the centuries rolled on, all the while drawing and keeping the soul's life down to a level with itself. Such was Catholicism in the beginning. Such it is now. Such it ever will be, till soul and body are renewed, reconverted, by

the power of the unadulterated word of God. But, within this mass of corruption, there always was a small remnant, who never bowed the knee to this modern Baal. While the worldly-wise of the Church were elated beyond measure with the conversion of a Roman emperor, and fell at once into all his schemes for the aggrandizement of their religion, there were a few pure-minded men, who had the sagacity to see that this work of elevating the faith and forms of Christianity, so as to fit it for the honor of becoming the religion of the state, was nothing but that love of the world so heartily condemned by Christianity itself. In the very century when this transformation took place, Vigilantius raised his voice against it within the limits of Italy, under the shade of the Cottian Alps. In the sixth century, we find Serenus, Bishop of Marseilles, struggling to maintain against Rome the purity of the Church. In the eighth century, Boniface, the great apostle of Popery in Germany, was opposed by Claude, Sidonius, Virgilius, Samson, Aldebert, and others, who saw and hated the corruptions of the spreading ritual of Rome. The second Council of Nice, in fact, which met during this century, and which sanctioned most of these corruptions, was set at defiance by the majority of the French and German bishops, who were vigorously protected by the power of Charlemagne. This last movement may be regarded, indeed, as the final settlement of that remarkable opposition to Roman superstition, so long kept up within the bosom of the Catholic Church, the subsequent history of which brought out Huss, Jerome of Prague, Wickliffe, and Luther, the great reformers of modern times. Such is the stream of pure Christianity, which, like the river seen by the prophet issuing from the throne of God, has been for ever winding and widening its way through many ages of sensuality, without darkening its own transparent waters in its course. Who would not like to trace the bright current to its very fountain? What Christian can be uninterested in the progress, from age to age, of unadulterated religion? Here, then, within the lids of this little volume, may be found a brief but clear and beautiful sketch of this glorious history from the beginning to a period within the familiar knowledge of most readers. We sincerely thank our eastern Agents, and Dr. M'Clintock, for the publication of this book, and hope it will meet with an extensive circulation.

**TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE.** By *W. and R. Chambers*. Enlarged and Improved by *D. M. Reese, M. D., LL. D.* Second American Edition. *A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, and H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.* 1849.—This is one of the excellent republications of the late firm of Sorin & Ball, which, during its existence, did so much good by the publication of useful and entertaining books. It is still published by John Ball, who continues the business of the firm in his own name, and, we believe, at or near his former stand. This work consists of three parts. The first part contains elementary lessons in common things. The second, practical lessons on common objects. The third, an introduction to the sciences. This is a book for young people. It is undoubtedly designed as an aid to observation, not superseding but prompting and directing it. Its contents are all useful, practical, on subjects which must, in some way and at some time, become familiar to every one, before he can be called a person of common knowledge, we had almost said, of common sense. It is one of those books for boys out of which men are not too old to learn.

**THE BLIND MAN'S SON.** Edited by *D. P. Kidder*. *Lane & Scott, and Swormstedt & Power.*—This is a truthful and interesting biography of a young man, who, in spite of poverty and other embarrassments, battled his way up to college, and from college to usefulness and distinction. It will encourage many a poor boy to go and do likewise.

**THE MISSIONARY TEACHER.** By *Rev. Z. A. Mudge*. Edited by *D. P. Kidder*. *Lane & Scott.*—This is a well-written memoir of the Rev. Cyrus Shepherd, who went from Lynn, Mass., to Oregon, as a missionary to the Indians. The talents and piety of its author are a sufficient guaranty that the book is what it ought to be.

**TEMPTATION, NEDDY WALTER, and THE BENEVOLENT TRAVELER**, are three interesting Sunday school books.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Editor of the Repository has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to perform his ordinary duties. Not being quite able, however, to answer in detail the numerous kind letters sent him in relation to his health, it may be proper for him to say, that his affliction was not cholera, as has been asserted in the newspapers. Till this day, (July 6th,) he has escaped the scourge, which has taken so many of his fellow-citizens, friends, and neighbors; but, in the present condition of the epidemic, no man can count upon life so long as the news of good health may be traveling to those who are to receive it.

Instead of abating, the epidemic is fearfully increasing in Cincinnati; but many, and among them some of our best physicians, profess to see signs of abatement. It is now much worse than in 1832. Then the average mortality, as we have seen it stated in the papers, was only about twenty-one per day out of a population of about thirty thousand. Now, with a population of over a hundred thousand, we record one hundred and thirty daily! The mortality among native Americans, however, is not much greater than it was then, if it is as great. Some of our most reputable citizens, nevertheless, have been stricken down. Whole families, numbering in some instances from five to eleven persons, have been swept off in a few brief hours. In some parts of the city, there have been so many sick, that there were not well ones enough left to close the eyes of the dying. Tongue can never tell, in adequate terms, the scenes of horror that have been witnessed in this city within the last fortnight. At a future time, should we live to see the cessation of the pestilence, we may record some of the sad ravages of death for the benefit of the living.

Amidst all these scenes of horror, however, there have been sights truly delightful to behold. Such has been the weight of affliction that many of the conventional distinctions in society, particularly those of a doubtful character, have been very much laid aside. The barriers between rich and poor have been temporarily broken down. Some of our wealthiest citizens, and among them those hitherto not much noted for benevolence in pecuniary matters, have been seen riding through the back streets and lanes, where the sickness most prevailed, entering the hovels and houses of the suffering, and throwing money uncounted among the poor and destitute. Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, have alike shared in these generous bounties. The only question seemed to be, who were the most needy; and these have been supplied by public and private charities in a most Christianlike and commendable manner. As all the physicians of the city have been employed night and day, and many of them consciously and yet magnanimously at the risk of their own lives, there has been great call for private efforts in the distribution of medicines to the sick. Some clergymen, though unread in physic, having made themselves sufficiently acquainted with the ordinary mode of treating cholera, have immortalized their names by their double labors by the bedsides of the diseased and dying. Ladies, too, who live in ease and elegance, where female servants could not be obtained, have left their quiet homes to thread the wet, narrow alleys, where the poor reside, to do those most disagreeable of all services, which are required by those suffering under the scourge. After all that is said, there is something of good left in the heart of man; and never does that good become more conspicuous, than when prompted by the spirit of Christianity in the midst of such scenes as these.

Our excellent friend, who aided in getting out our last number, pledged us for something like an obituary of our late correspondent, Mrs. S. J. Howe, whose lamented death has been recorded in most of the secular and literary papers. We are not prepared, at this time, to redeem that pledge, as we have not sufficient definite knowledge to review her life and labors. It is but about two years ago that we had the pleasure of making her acquaintance in this city; and, at that time, the hey-day of her life, the period of rainbows and flowers, was gone. Having embarked in a literary adventure, and meeting with some disasters at the outset, she called on us for advice and encouragement. Before that time, though familiar with her name and writings, we had never seen her. Finding it

impossible to remove the embarrassments, which we discovered lying in her pathway, we employed her to write regularly for the Repository, besides giving her some slight assistance of more immediate value. Since then her fortunes have been quite checkered. A few days before her death, she informed us, by a lively note, that she had passed through the worst of her troubles, that she was relieved of what had weighed the most heavily upon her, and that she then saw a brighter sky breaking and beaming upon her future pathway. Alas! how little do we know what a day may bring forth! True, she is now freed from all her earthly troubles, and we have no doubt her spirit is now basking in the mellow sunshine of God's favor. The following beautiful lines are the last that ever fell from her gifted pen:

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

Softly as steals the summer wind  
Among the fair and fragile flowers,  
Did wayward love so slyly bind  
Together these warm hearts of ours.  
We dream'd not, in the hour we met,  
That love would bind our fates in one;  
I cannot deem that sad regret  
Will ever cross what love has done;  
And while I sit beside thee now,  
And gaze upon thy open brow—  
And while my hand is clasped in thine,  
Thy dark eyes gazing into mine,  
Let Fame, with all her dreams, depart;  
For mine is but a woman's heart.  
Farewell, then, to the laurel green,  
If on thy heart I e'er may lean!  
  
I deem'd my heart was like a lute,  
Whose chords had been all rudely crush'd—  
Chords that must be for ever mute—  
Whose music was for ever hush'd.  
  
I find the lute is now restrung,  
Its music all awaked by thee,  
And by thy hand is wildly flung  
Abroad its sweetest minstrelsy;  
And dost thou think that this sweet dream  
Is but a rosy, transient gleam—  
A flower that blooms but for a day,  
Then slowly droops and fades away?  
Ah! trust me that the lapse of time—  
Nor absence, nor a change of clime—  
No guerdon lost, nor laurel won,  
Can e'er undo what love has done!

A few typographical errors occurred in the last number; but they are so slight as not to be liable to mislead the reader. Considering the circumstance, that both the editor and the foreman of the printing-office were sick, it is not a matter of wonder that a few errata should occur. It is rather a great credit to the *boys*, who had the office entirely to themselves, that they "kept up appearances" so well; and we can say truly, that never a finer set of "youngsters" were set to picking up the atoms of thought in any office.

We would not like to have our correspondents infer, from a paragraph in the last number, that we are so crowded with communications as to be able to receive nothing more for "eight or ten" months. We have a very large supply of matter, certainly; but good, brief, pithy articles are always welcome. Still, we are bound to add, that our work is not large enough to publish half of what we get; and, therefore, an indifferent article, or one even well-written, but not exactly adapted to our pages, stands but a small chance of being inserted. It is to us *painful* to be compelled to reject many good articles; but such a course, with our present limits, is *inevitable*.

We reclaim this little space to inform our readers, that the epidemic has materially abated since the body of this page was written. To-day, (July 10th,) we have only seventy-eight deaths reported. It is thought that the pestilence will soon leave us altogether. We have wet, warm weather, with an eastern wind—the very worst combination to produce disease.



## WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?

BY HARRIET J. MEEK.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

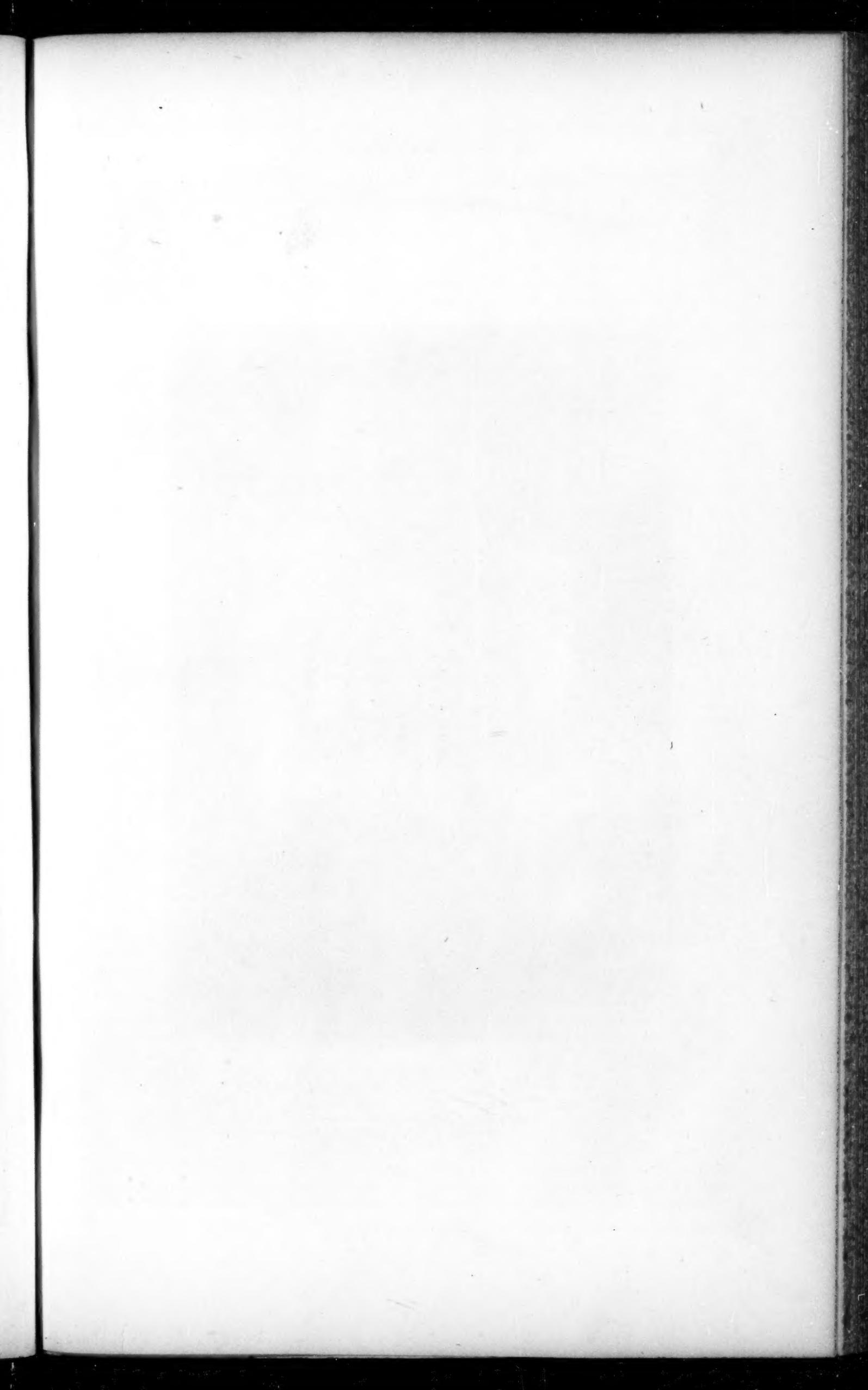
IT is to see the heart of youth,  
Ere folly's round is trod,  
Yielded, in all its hope and truth,  
A sacrifice to God!  
O, there's a welcome kept apart,  
Which angel-minstrels chime,  
That waits not the returning heart  
In any coming time.

Yielded, in all its promise true,  
Its freshest, first perfume,  
No beam has sipped its early dew—  
No blight is on its bloom.  
Earth, whispering of a sky and path  
O'er which no storm is driven;  
But turning, in its tearful faith,  
It prays to be forgiven!

The shattered heart may turn to God,  
The weary rest in him,  
When earth's vain hopes are tried and trod,  
And the fine gold is dim;  
But I would know my heart was thine,  
Guardian and Guide of youth!  
Ere day had darkened on its shrine,  
Or shadows o'er its truth!

"Shall find me!" at whose nod the sky,  
And earth, and angels bow!  
Go, while the light is in thine eye—  
The beauty on thy brow.  
If aught is good, He claims the best,  
Whose life for thine was given—  
Whose spirit offers to thy breast  
The brightest bloom of heaven!

WILMINGTON,  
1850.





Printed & Engraved by J. Smith

CONSECRATION DELL.

*Mount Auburn Cemetery*

8. May 1854.